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The Shape of Things

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MR. ROOSEVELT'S NAVAL PROGRAM CAN BE regarded only as a threat of offensive war against Japan. No naval authority has ever seriously maintained that our present fleet, with the ships now in process of construction, would not suffice to protect our coasts, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Panama Canal against an enemy or combination of enemies excluding Great Britain. And no sane man would suggest that Great Britain would participate in an attack on our shores. Moreover, the character of the recommendations clearly indicates that an offensive war is contemplated. Battleships and aircraft carriers are of value chiefly because they can operate at long distance from their bases. Only nine new submarines with a total tonnage of 13,658 are included in the program; nothing is allotted for coast defenses, and only an infinitesimal sum for increases in the army. It cannot be argued that the new appropriations are necessary in order to prepare for collective pressure against the fascist powers, since the existing navies of the democracies are more than adequate for that purpose. It may not have been an accident that the New York *Times* in playing up the President's naval message also played up, in bold headlines, the slap which a Japanese sentry conveniently administered to an American consul.

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THE ANTI-LYNCHING BILL SEEMS DOOMED as far as the present session of Congress is concerned. We hope in a coming issue to analyze for the sake of future tactics the significance of the shameful episode which has again blocked efforts for federal action on lynching. Meanwhile, if the anti-lynching fight is moved off the Congressional stage, it will make room for other legislative battles in which a filibuster cannot be used to conceal the conflict of interests and the cross-purposes in Congress today. Some action on housing may be expected. But a bitter struggle looms over the government-reorganization proposal, and we may expect to hear all over again the charges that the President is deliberately moving toward fascism. A dog fight may also be expected on the proposed maritime legislation providing for a special maritime labor-relations board and for government training of sailors. Both provisions are dangerous and are bound to be opposed by the progressives. Action may be expected on the farm bill, but it will take months to iron out the difficulties over wage-hour legislation. Neither of

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the two proposed major investigations—that of the TVA or that of the NLRB—is likely to come through, but both proposals will be used as occasions for damaging the prestige of the agencies. The most significant legislation that will come before Congress, to our mind, is that dealing with the dissolution of holding companies in the banking field. When even Senator Carter Glass, whose conservatism has become a Congressional tradition, supports such a measure, the situation it seeks to remedy must be serious indeed. Glass's move may, of course, have been intended to head off more radical proposals. It is a good rule for Congressional progressives to fear Senator Glass, even when be comes bearing bank reforms.

*

NOW LITTLE BUSINESS IS HAVING ITS DAY. Even from a publicity standpoint, Mr. Roosevelt was wise to see the five hundred representatives of all the little fish that swim around in the ocean of business in mortal terror of the huge corporate leviathans. They may not clarify his thinking about the depression, but they will be a good antidote to the conferences he has been having with big business. More important, however, than the parade of the five hundred into the White House is the report that the Administration is planning financial aid to little business men. Representatives of the Treasury, the RFC, and the SEC have been conferring in Washington in an attempt to work out a scheme whereby small business men will be able to get loans needed for enlarged activity. At present they are at the mercy of the banks, which are reluctant to take depression risks. And the small business man, unlike the giant corporation, cannot go over the head of the banker to float securities in the market. The plan at present is to have government-guaranteed industrial debentures, much like the mortgage insurance proposed for housing. It is a good plan. A revival of activity in small business will do much to create reemployment; even more important, it will do something to counteract the big-business drive to convince the small business man that there is a community of interest between the two and against the government. Actually the irresponsible great corporations are as menacing to the small business man as they are to the worker, the consumer, and the investor. But only by concrete action to aid small business can the Administration hope to gain its support in the long drive that lies ahead for democracy in industry.

*

THE FATAL EFFECT OF THE NEUTRALITY ACT on efforts to establish international cooperation was never more clearly illustrated than in the refusal of the United States to join the League powers in a program of economic assistance to China. Washington's failure to accept the League proposal was particularly unfortunate in view of the fact that the major powers, led by France and the Soviet Union, had just succeeded in saving Article XVI and holding the League together in defiance of the fascist international. A program of economic aid to China, as originally proposed by the League Council, would have been invaluable not only in restoring popular faith in the League but in laying the foundation stones of a new peace program. Assistance to the victim of aggression basically holds far more promise than sanctions as a principle of international law. It is positive in character, thoroughly humanitarian in its appeal, and is in harmony with the prevailing economic interests. Yet the fact remains that the first worldwide effort to aid the victim of indefensible aggression has been checked by the United States, largely because of our mistaken neutrality legislation. The situation can be remedied only if the peace forces of the country immediately get behind the O'Connell resolution to amend the act so as to permit a distinction between aggressor and victim.

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ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT JAPAN HAS BEEN meeting increasingly serious reverses. According to the most recent report of the Federal Reserve Board, sales of silk and velvet piece goods in the New York area were 13.2 per cent lower in December, 1937, than in the corresponding month of the previous year. Ribbons, umbrellas, parasols, and silk neckwear and scarfs also declined in sales. These decreases, it should be noted, contrasted with an increase in the sale of cotton wash goods. Statistics furnished by the Commodity Exchange show that the imports of raw silk from Japan for the season through January 15, 1938, were approximately 55,000 bales less than for the same period in 1937. Japan's purchases of cotton from both the United States and India—essential for its vast textile industry—have been reduced almost to zero in order to permit its factories to concentrate on more immediate war supplies. A rapid extension of the boycott movement, with an emphasis on silk stockings, might bring about a breakdown of the Japanese war machine much sooner than anyone anticipated a few months ago.

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THE MOUNTING TERROR OF THE AIR RAIDS on Loyalist cities reached a new climax in last week's bombing of Barcelona. Hundreds of civilians were killed, among them 158 children in a child-refuge home. The area attacked was one of workers' dwellings and apartment houses; it did not include even semi-military objectives. Like previous raids, this one was wanton, senseless, purposeless. Even a mind that has come to understand the cheapness of human life in modern warfare stands aghast at it. Herbert L. Matthews, in a New York *Times* dispatch more eloquent in its restraint than the most flaming indictment, described the latest type of delayed fuse bomb that the raiders used—heavier, more effective, deadlier than anything thus far devised, capable of driving an entire seven-story apartment into the ground with the loss of every life in it. If this is Franco's answer to the Loyalist victories at Teruel, it is a grimly illogical one. He should have learned from previous attempts that such terror, designed to destroy behind-the-lines morale, only increases Loyalist cohesion. The letter signed by twenty-six American Senators and thirty-four

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Representatives, conveying greetings to the new Spanish Cortes "as members of one democratically elected parliament to another," was drawn up before the latest and most horrible air raid, yet it may stand as the answer of American democracy to all the instances of rebel inhumanity. What is significant is that the signers numbered conservatives and progressives alike. We call upon the Catholic clergy of America, especially those who have supported Franco, to protest against the cold ferocity of these air raids, which can have as little relation to any religious creed as they have to military objectives.

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WHAT FIVE YEARS OF HITLER HAVE DONE to German finances may be seen in recent official German reports. Although the Reich has a national income of only 68.5 billion marks—a little less in marks than the national income of the United States in dollars—its long-term national debt has increased more than 8 billion marks in two years. The outstanding short-term indebtedness has also risen and now totals between 20 and 24 billion marks. Taxes aggregate some 18 billion marks annually, or 28.6 per cent of the national income. In comparison, federal taxation in the United States—concerning which we have heard such violent protests in recent years—takes only about 8 per cent of America's national income. Despite the fantastic height of German taxation, governmental revenues fall short by some 5 billion marks of meeting costs. Thus fully one-third of Germany's productive national income is required for armament and other government expenditures. Put more bluntly, the Third Reich has solved its unemployment problem by herding the jobless into munition factories, but it has not found a way of paying them without placing an intolerable burden on these who are in productive employment.

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TO M. VAN ZEELAND'S CREDIT IT MUST BE said that the program which he outlined for the solution of the world's economic ills is technically unassailable. There can be little question that the world would be more prosperous and more peaceful if it could, by some miracle, be induced to accept his recommendations. But originality can scarcely be claimed for the program. Essentially it is identical with the recommendations adopted by the World Economic Conference in 1927 and reaffirmed by the preparatory commission for the London Economic Conference in 1933. It is a program which all governments, except possibly the totalitarian states, will accept in principle, but which no government is prepared wholly to support in practice. Some countries, such as the United States, might accept two or three of the four main points, while other countries would doubtless accept other items in the program. But the world economic order which M. van Zeeland and Mr. Hull desire cannot be achieved piecemeal. The leading countries must be willing to put into operation at one stroke its four essential prerequisites—namely, a reduction in tariffs, stabilization of currencies, revival of international lending, and elimination of industrial quotas. In 1927 there seemed to be a reasonable expectation that this could be achieved, but the whole course of events since that date points to the futility of attempting to remake the world of today in accordance with a nineteenth-century pattern.

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THE FAILURE OF THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM has been openly admitted by the fruit and vegetable canners of California. As a substitute they have set up a tight little trust for the control of prices and production. Faced with an unusually large crop of peaches and the influx of many newcomers encouraged by the profits made last year, the established companies have adopted a pact under which the Canners' Industrial Board will fix prices and quotas. A rigid price schedule has already been established for "cling" peaches; the stocks of the canners have been pooled and each one allotted a definite sales quota. Any company which sells more than its share will be forced to buy proportionately from the stock of its erstwhile competitors. A few companies, including Calpack and Libby, have not signed the agreement, but according to the American Institute of Food Distribution, "other packers [are] confident that they will operate in close harmony with the group plans." For the other California-canned fruits and vegetables the price-control plan went into operation on January 1, and its effect will be noted by consumers only when next season's pack is on the retailer's shelves. Even in the days of the NRA, when an industry was permitted to fix minimum prices, consumers and producers were represented at the hearings, and the government at least made the gesture of exercising ultimate control. With all the trust-busting going on, the California plan should not go unnoticed.

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POINTING TO THE ALARMING EXTENT OF unemployment in the learned professions, President Conant of Harvard last week called for curtailment in university enrolment—a proposal rendered no less ominous by his appeal for wider scholarship funds to cushion the impact of such action. It is easy, of course, to share Dr. Conant's pessimism, founded upon the tragedy of professionals in Europe as well as upon the growing frustration which university graduates experience here. But there are sinister tones in his judgment that American higher learning has reached its zenith and that the time has come for planned contraction. No one denies that it is wasteful and degrading to train scholars and professionals for posts which they will not be able to find. And it is equally plain that just such a desolate prospect drove thousands of hopeless students into the fascist movements of Europe. But this scarcely justifies American educators in advocating the solution of the fascist nations—curtailment of educational facilities. The fate of American university graduates must be integrated with a program of expansion throughout American society; our "surplus" of graduates is a measure of the chaos in our economy rather than a sign that their services are not needed. Dr. Conant's recognition of the problem is courageous; his solution is as dangerous as it is evasive.

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The Wage-Cut Fallacy

WHAT happened in Washington last week at the President's press conference on wage cuts throws light on one of those dilemmas which characterize the American economy. Mr. Roosevelt, in answer to a question which he had obviously anticipated, came out forcefully against any wage policy on the part of the corporations which would seek to cut production costs by cutting wages. We believe his stand is sound as well as courageous. We are of this opinion despite the consternation of those who dress up their anti-labor views in the garments of "sound economics."

The industrialists have invariably sought to ease the impact of depression on profits by taking it out on wages. They have for this the support of orthodox economic theory, which has always reflected and rationalized the desires of business. The "sound" economists have argued that business can only operate on a margin of profits; that when a depression hits the country, demand and prices tend to fall; that prices become too low in relation to production costs—or, seen the other way around, production costs are too high in relation to prices; that business cannot cut the fixed costs, such as overhead and interest on bonded indebtedness; and accordingly it must cut the only other large element in production cost—namely, labor costs. Of course, it hurts the business men and their spokesmen, the economists, to have to come to such a conclusion. They are as sorry about it as are the workers on whom the burden of the cuts must fall. But rigorous economic logic forces them against their wishes to this cruel conclusion.

We are not persuaded by these crocodile tears. And, what is more, we are not impressed by the logic. We are as unimpressed by it when it comes from Harold G. Moulton and the Brookings Institution, dressed up as research, as we are when we find it put forward by the earlier apologists of laissez faire capitalism in the more naked form of abstract deduction. And our reason is that we don't care for the cart-and-horse logic that it involves. In talking of depressions and ways out of them, the horse is the capacity of the consumers to buy products. The cart that is being pulled out of the slough of economic despond is the cart of industrial production. To argue that wages, and therefore purchasing capacity, must be cut now is to argue that when the economic cart gets stuck deep in the mud of depression, the way to pull it out is through a little starvation or blood-letting for the horse. Mr. Roosevelt is entirely sound in taking his stand, as did Mr. Hoover in the early days of the depression, on wage maintenance. For the problem that we are faced with is a dual one: the demand for consumers' goods must be maintained, and the demand for capital goods must be increased. If the first is reduced, the second will fall even faster than it has fallen in the past few months. The maintenance of pay rolls accomplishes at least one thing. It can put a floor under the demand for consumers' goods, so that it will not fall farther and carry with it the general prosperity. As for the demand for capital goods, wage cuts would stimulate that only if the resulting profits were reinvested. But there is no assurance amid the prevailing business gloom that such would be the case.

But here we must enter several warnings. The maintenance of wage rates will not in itself bring recovery. This is where the Roosevelt policy parts company with the Hoover policy, and it must continue to make the separation even wider. Mr. Hoover was content to ask for maintenance of wages and production through personal pleading with big business. Mr. Roosevelt has gone farther—although not far enough—with public expenditures for relief and public works, and with attempts to reduce the capacity of business to do harm by its irresponsible decisions, through setting up machinery of control. But both conceptions suffer from being static. Nothing will be gained by maintaining wage *rates* if employment continues to fall, as it did under Hoover, and total *pay rolls* keep being reduced. It is unlikely that labor income can be increased, despite the Brookings argument, by the reduction of wage rates. The only clear case for such an argument is the building-trades industry. But labor income cannot be insured merely by maintaining wage rates. More is necessary.

At the risk of repeating our previous editorial statements, we must insist that there can be no hope either for wages or profits unless business and government adjust their ideas to an expanding economy rather than a static or contracting economy. Given a static economy, both sides are caught in a trap. Labor is right when it says that the steel industry, for example, cannot solve its difficulties by cutting labor costs. First, it thereby reduces purchasing power. Second, in the earlier stages of steel production, raw-material costs are ten times the labor costs. But industry also has a case when it points out that it is caught between the nether millstone of fixed bonded indebtedness and the upper millstone of fixed labor costs. If either of the two has to be cut, it would be more humane to cut interest on bonds—and it would make more sense. But neither has to be cut if drastic steps are taken to increase production. Those steps involve, as we have pointed out before, increasing production in all basic industries under some form of government planning. In the process of this simultaneous increase of production, the reemployment will be created that is necessary for purchasing the products thus placed on the market.

We do not know whether this country has the administrative energy or the political wisdom to seek such a solution. But we do know that patent medicines will not be enough. And the remedy by wage cuts is a patent medicine. It has often been tried, and it has always failed. It is not difficult to see in the present movement for wage cuts an attempt to saddle the blame for the present depression on trade-union organization and the resulting wage gains, and thereby to smash the C. I. O. The powerful economic groups in America are acting true to form as a ruling class. Their present temper is disquietingly reminiscent of that of the French ruling

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class of 1789, which sought to salvage its own power by condemning the underlying population to even greater poverty and insecurity than they had endured before. Such a course can be expected to have dangerous consequences.

Does the Boycott Hurt American Labor?

THE NATION has received the following letter from the Educational Director of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, a C. I. O. affiliate:

In view of your activity in so strenuously advocating the boycott of silk hosiery I should like to call to your attention the stand taken against such a boycott by the executive board of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers. The board went on record unanimously as supporting the American Federation of Labor and Committee for Industrial Organization resolutions to boycott Japanese manufactured goods but not Japanese raw materials manufactured in this country.

This stand was taken because the union felt that a boycott on Japanese silk as reflected in a boycott of silk hosiery would do much more harm to the American hosiery workers than it could possibly do good to the Chinese people in their fight against Japanese aggression. May I call to your attention the statement by the president of our union, Emil Rieve, in this regard:

"The proponents of a Japanese boycott in the excess of their zeal and thoughtlessness have concentrated their particular energies in invoking a boycott against silk hosiery, undergarments, and clothing, in which the stake in wages received by American workers is far in excess of the value of raw silk imported from Japan, and which at the same time will affect seriously the Chinese production of raw silk, the country they are attempting to assist. In their zeal also, they have purchased without discrimination available supplies of lisle hosiery regardless of source. Germany, whose government and governmental policies are as bad as if not worse than Japan, has supplied some of this goods. Spain can also supply some of the similar merchandise, and there is no method available to guarantee such goods as coming from Loyalist Spain. The substitution of goods made under Nazi terrorism and Fascist dictatorship for raw materials produced under Japanese imperialism is certainly no sensible procedure."

The average pair of silk stockings selling at 85 cents contains Japanese silk to the value of about 10 cents. Thus in order to do 10 cents' worth of harm to Japan we are hurting American industry about 75 cents' worth. But it is claimed that hosiery workers can just as easily make full-fashioned hosiery from lisle or rayon. If this were true, there would not be an opposition to the boycott; unfortunately it is not. Lisle hosiery cannot be made on approximately 40 per cent of the machinery in the industry. This includes the fine-gauge knitting machines which make sheer stockings. As a result, the boycott will not only hurt hosiery workers but will hurt the union which they have built and which will be admitted generally to be one of the progressive unions.

An additional effect of the boycott has been to encourage the use of non-union stockings. This is particularly true of the stockings made from Bemberg. While the yarn from which these stockings are made may be made under union conditions, yet so far as we are able to find out, there is no union mill knitting stockings of Bemberg.

May I emphasize the fact that the hosiery union is emphatically in favor of a boycott of Japanese manufactured goods. We feel that the exemption from silk of a Japanese boycott will not so greatly help Japan in its struggle as to justify the dislocation it [the boycott] would cause in American industry and to our union. Raw silk is about 15 per cent of Japanese exports, and in boycotting Japan we would also inevitably hit somewhat at China, which supplies some 10 per cent of the world's supply of silk and about 4 per cent of the American supply. LAWRENCE ROGIN

We are pleased to give space to this letter because it reflects the views of those who have been most active in opposition to the silk boycott. While we do not believe hardships suffered in this country should dissuade anyone from refusing to aid Japanese aggression, we are wholly sympathetic with the union's demand that it should not alone bear the brunt of an action that concerns the whole country. It is therefore important to point out the groundlessness of the union's fears as well as to cast light on the dubious methods being employed by the allies of Japan in this country.

Let us look at the facts: (1) The boycott will not "affect seriously the Chinese production of raw silk." In 1936 only 4 per cent of America's $102,000,000 worth of silk imports came from China; at the present time, owing to the Japanese occupation of Chinese ports, virtually no Chinese silk is available. (2) Germany's total exports of cotton and lisle hosiery to this country in 1937 were just one-third of 1 per cent of the domestic production. In recent months it has been less, owing to a sharp rise in the output of American factories. (3) We have a letter before us from the Spanish consul general informing us categorically that all Spanish hosiery in this country comes from Loyalist territory.

(4) Granting that the average cost of silk in each pair of silk stockings is not much more than 10 cents, the fact remains that nearly $50,000,000 worth of Japanese silk is used annually in hosiery alone. At present nearly 75 per cent of the Japanese silk imported into this country goes into hosiery, and the bulk of the remainder into underwear. (5) As to omitting silk from the list of boycotted articles, our imports of silk from Japan in 1931-36 were more than *ten times as large* as the combined imports of cotton cloth, crabmeat, chinaware, tea, dolls and toys, and earthenware—the six items of imports from Japan next in volume.

(6) With regard to employment and wages in the hosiery industry, it will be noted that the letter admits that 60 per cent of the machinery can be used for lisle. The lisle nets require extra labor. As to the remainder of the machines we should like to quote from an authoritative study just completed by Eugene Staley, associate

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professor of international economic relations at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy:

> With some delay and some technical difficulties the knitting machines might be diverted from silk to rayon. An official of the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers writes that "we are prepared to furnish the American public with whatever they desire in the line of hosiery. . . . Our equipment can turn out hosiery of other commodities, but . . . these commodities would be *different* from silk."
>
> While there might be some dislocations here and there in the silk and hosiery manufacturing, any unemployment would not be great in volume or very lasting. On the other hand, to replace the raw silk usually imported from Japan by rayon or cotton substitutes produced in America, there would have to be substantial increases in output, and hence in employment.

(7) Under the circumstances, it would seem particularly important that the hosiery workers' union bring pressure on the employers to adjust their machines to silk substitutes lest non-union shops obtain the bulk of the new business. Unfortunately this has not been done, and for reasons which on the surface at least are scarcely indications of the "progressive" nature of the union leadership. The *News Record,* a trade paper, reported on December 21 that "the full-fashioned industry is coming to the conclusion that only a definite statement by the American Federation of Hosiery Workers can counteract possible damaging inroads into the business in the first quarter of 1938." The New York *Times* on January 25 reported the formation of a Silk Industry Joint Council to fight the boycott. The joint council included Mr. Rieve, William H. Gosch, president of the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers, and Paolino Gerli, president of the International Silk Guild.

Less than three months have passed since the Rayon and Synthetic Yarn Producers' Committee asked the Federal Trade Commission to investigate the International Silk Guild as an alleged Japanese propaganda agency. The New York *Times* of November 13 carried this charge in detail, stating that "the officers and directors of the Silk Guild have available for propaganda work the sum of $725,000." Erwin Feldman, counsel for the National Association of House Dress Manufacturers, is quoted as declaring that "one thing has been learned—a certain silk guild went to Japan and got $500,000 and with that, among other things, hired speakers who asked women to demand fiber identification. Eighty per cent of the women's clubs which have sent in protests were visited by speakers paid by the government of Japan."

It must be added that these charges were denied by the International Silk Guild, and that the Federal Trade Commission declared that it had "no authority to institute an inquiry" unless it appeared that there had been a violation of law. Nevertheless, it is distressing, to say the least, to find the president of a "progressive" trade union serving on the same council with such a group. Perhaps the union cannot be held responsible for the actions of its president, but we trust that it will repudiate Mr. Rieve's unfortunate stand on the boycott.

Massacre River

THE Republic of Haiti (Dictator, Sténio Vincent) has accepted $750,000 from the Dominican Republic (Dictator, General Trujillo) as indemnity for the killing of 10,000 humble Haitians along the Haitian-Dominican border. (The name of the stream that runs along the border is Massacre River.) The 10,000 were hacked, stabbed, and shot to death—with dull-edged machetes, daggers, machine-guns, and the brand of rifle carried by the soldiers of the Dominican army. A few were trussed up and drowned. The victims were Haitian workers, their wives and children. Thousands of them moved from overpopulated Haiti to the Dominican Republic when the war boom in sugar created a great demand for labor. Since then jobs have dwindled, and anti-Haitian feeling has been officially encouraged in the Dominican Republic. The killings took place in a desolate, inaccessible region where thousands of dead could be buried or burned, out of sight of civilization. Survivors left for dead crept out to Haitian villages to tell a tale of horror that was substantiated by their wounds and by Haitian refugees who had escaped the same fate at the hands of the Dominicans under orders from Trujillo City.

The story is one of the most gruesome ever told. Yet Vincent as well as Trujillo tried at first to minimize it. Both governments tried to suppress or tone down news of the "incident," and in a joint communiqué on October 15 reaffirmed the cordial relations of the two dictators. But feeling continued to run high, and in November the Haitian government asked the United States, Cuba, and Mexico to aid in mediation. The Dominicans at first refused to participate, but later yielded.

According to the agreement, which was signed in Washington, presumably with the blessing of the United States, the Dominican government stipulates that it does not recognize the responsibility of the state but agrees to abide by the findings of the Dominican tribunals which are conducting an investigation, and to give the results full publicity. It is not difficult to imagine what kind of report Trujillo's tribunals will deliver to Trujillo's government.

It has been painfully obvious from the beginning that those officially involved are not primarily concerned with the 10,000 murders, which were quickly transformed into "a controversy which has unfortunately arisen." Washington's main concern has been to prevent war between the two countries, and that is understandable. But what of its announced determination to prevent the growth of fascism in the Western Hemisphere? Race as well as class feeling played a part in the events of Massacre River, and fascist influence is strong in Trujillo City. A thorough official investigation by the mediators and a report that identified and indicted the murderers of the 10,000 would have had an excellent effect on the little Hitlers of Central and South America. Instead Trujillo is now in a position to whitewash a major crime —with the concurrence of all "good neighbors."

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F. D. R. Under Two Flags

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 31

TO SAY the Administration hasn't the slightest notion whether it is coming or going might be stretching it. Chances are it still thinks it is going, but doesn't know where. It is not pleasant thus to concur in a censure which seems to be on the tongue of nearly every fathead and porch climber at large, but the truth must be recognized regardless of the company in which it is found. The most discernible quality of the Administration today is its lack of direction. Roosevelt needs a domestic policy. He has listened to his warring counselors long enough. He cannot continue to fight under two flags. At the moment his uncertainty is most painfully apparent, perhaps, in connection with government activity in the power field and the regulation of industry in general. In one instance it is illustrated by his attitude toward the struggle between the TVA and Wendell Willkie's Commonwealth and Southern system; in the other, by his position between the irreconcilable philosophies of Robert Jackson and Donald Richberg. Sooner or later the President has got to decide how much government ownership he favors, and whether he wants the anti-trust laws enforced or discarded for some form of "voluntary self-regulation." It's simple, if not easy.

In the matter of power there is substantial evidence that the President knows his own mind, but hesitates to speak it for fear of the possible effect on business. In the end he may elect to damn the torpedoes and go ahead, but he isn't gathering any headway. Indications are that he favors the program of Senator Norris, which, to put it roughly, is to have the government generate, transmit, and sell electricity wherever such a course would serve the essential purposes of flood control, navigation, soil conservation, and other public ends to which private companies cannot, by their very nature, give a passing thought. Yet he persists in repeating that only about 15 per cent of the private power industry is in actual or potential competition with the TVA, thus conveying an impression that competition on a much greater scale is not contemplated. Having recently accompanied the President on his visits to Bonneville, Grand Coulee, and Fort Peck, and listened to his speeches at each, I cannot, I am glad to say, be impressed by any such hints. I am convinced that he contemplates government competition on a very wide scale—or did before the recession sneaked up on him. He shouldn't let it divert him. This is no time to be pulling a Hoover. Willkie's grandstand play of offering to sell out to the government should not deceive even the bleacherites. Willkie is enough of a lawyer to know there isn't a chance in a million the Supreme Court would appoint one of a commission of three to fix the price.

That Donald Richberg continues to play around with the quaint idea of self-regulation by big business is evidence of his optimism and perseverance, or something. Unlike some, I do not ascribe it to his old immersion in the NRA. One of the most effective persuaders who ever hypnotized a bankers' convention, he is a conciliator by nature, and since Henry Ford and General Motors replaced labor unions in his clientele he finds the quality more useful than ever. That is not to disparage his ability or his good intentions, for both of which I have a high respect. Nevertheless, his faith in the intelligence and civic spirit of men of the type of Tom Girdler, Eugene Grace, and James Rand has grown immeasurably since the days when he was fighting Sam Insull in Chicago. Perhaps he has been unduly influenced by "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

Richberg's views undoubtedly carry weight at the White House, as they should, but how much they would carry in Congress on this issue is the more important question. The NRA is still an unpleasant memory there. Senator Borah had lunch at the White House last week. Asked later what he thought of the prospects for a loosening of the anti-trust laws to permit industrial self-regulation, the Senator emulated Little Audrey. He just laffed and laffed.

How big business and its journalistic spokesmen feel over the prospects may be divined from the howls of lamentation which greeted the conviction of sixteen oil companies and thirty company officials in the conspiracy trial at Madison, Wisconsin. The indolence and lack of precision of armchair correspondents and commentators are no excuse for the gross inaccuracies about this case which have flooded the papers. A large part of the public probably believes these officials were prosecuted and convicted for having patriotically done what the government had asked them to do. This is because most of the published comment simply stated as facts what the defense had contended during the trial—and what the government refuted and the jury disbelieved. I pass over what may have been written by Dorothy Thompson or Boake Carter since I seldom read either. Let us consider, instead, the observations of the impeccable Arthur Krock in the impeccable New York *Times*. On January 27 he stated: "For proceeding to stabilize price conditions in the demoralized crude-petroleum fields under the powerful pressure of one branch of the Roosevelt Administration, thirty oil-company managers now stand as convicted criminals, a result of prosecution by another branch." As the chief basis for this remarkable declaration he averred that "the jury was not permitted to take into consideration" a certain letter from Secretary Ickes,

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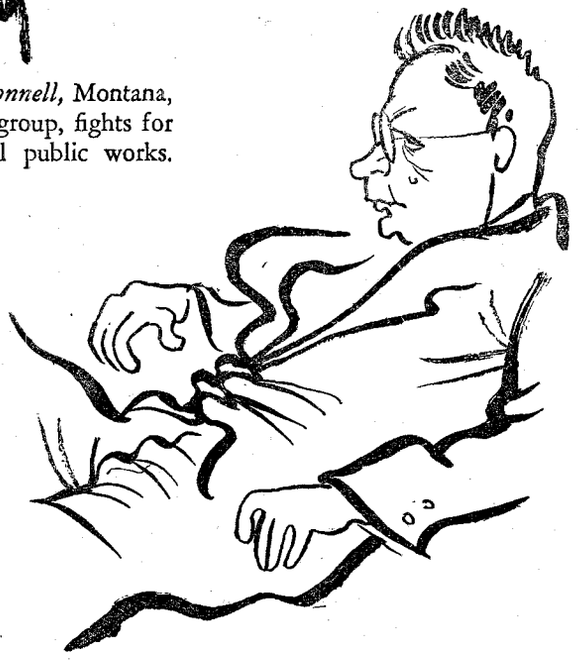
From a Gallery of Young Turks

BY GEORGES SCHREIBER

Jerry J. O'Connell, Montana, baby of the group, fights for more federal public works.

John T. Bernard, Minnesota, battled alone against embargo on Spain because "Neutrality It Is Not!"



Maury Maverick, Texas, informal leader of the Turks, orates for anti-lynch laws in a Southern drawl.

John M. Coffee, Washington, would subsidize art through a federal Fine Arts Bureau.

Henry G. Teigan, Minnesota, battles for wage-hour legislation and real aid to the farmer.

Byron N. Scott, California, would outdo Wagner in giving America cheap public housing.

H. Jerry Voorhis, California, whose Industrial Expansion bill is a standing challenge to scarcity.

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administrator of the NRA petroleum code, to Charles Arnott, one of the defendants. The facts are: Although the letter showed on its face that it did not and could not refer to the crude-oil "buying program" which constituted the heart of the conspiracy, *it was introduced in evidence by the prosecution itself.* The original "buying program" was publicly terminated by Secretary Ickes in November, 1935. Subsequently another such program was undertaken in the face of a warning by Ickes. Activities under it were carried out secretly, and the defense made every attempt to conceal them from the jury. To one who was present at the trial it seemed clear that the law was violated both before and after termination of the code. It was clear enough for the jury. In the case yet to be tried evidence of guilty knowledge on the part of the defendants is considered much stronger. For men engaged on a patriotic mission, they certainly spared no pains to cover their tracks.

Events in Washington, where the United Mine Workers are in convention, and in Miami, where the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor is enjoying the sun, seem to demonstrate that peace in labor's civil war is no nearer. John Lewis again has stated the terms on which the C. I. O. would enter the A. F. of L., and again they have been rejected. To explain this impasse solely as the product of wilful stubbornness or personal vanity or ambition on either side is a shallow exercise. The conflict is fundamental. If the C. I. O. unions are allowed to enter the A. F. of L. intact they are certain to dominate the full organization soon if not immediately. They either have the necessary numbers or would have them in a short time. On the other hand, for Lewis to accept terms which would mean dissolution of the huge new industrial unions and the arbitrary distribution of their members among the two-and-seventy jarring craft unions would be a horrible betrayal—and Dave Dubinsky knows it. A vast majority of these people would promptly cease to be union members, because it is a demonstrated fact that mass-production industries cannot be organized on craft lines. In view of what has been said about Lewis's "obduracy," his "unreasonableness," and his "unwillingness to see any side except his own," I should like to record what he said to me recently concerning the attitude of the rank-and-file craft unionists.

"These men," he said, "have built up their unions. Through them they have gained a position of advantage in comparison with other workers, and a certain measure of security. In trying to preserve those unions they feel they are fighting for home and fireside, and you can't blame them much. Now, the C. I. O. would not wish to disturb them in the enjoyment of those advantages, but we can't guarantee them against the action of some future national convention. We can't give a bond for posterity. Unless they can bring themselves to yield to the historical logic and the obvious necessities of the situation—a situation created by the development of mass-production industry and technique—it is difficult to see how the conflict can be reconciled. Obviously we cannot abandon the very principle for which we elected to fight." Pollyanna editors and labor politicians please note.

Chicago Doesn't Care

BY MILTON S. MAYER

Chicago, January 25

"WELL," said Richard Croker, "what are you going to do about it?" The people of New York did something about Croker, but what Croker had defied them to do was something about *it*. Croker, under the name of "Murphy" or "Olvany" or another, came back. And he'll come back again, if not next time then the time after. Nothing that produces Crokers has been changed.

Every American city but one has done something about Croker at least once—even Boston. The one that has done nothing is Chicago. Charles E. Merriam, who ought to know, says that Chicago has never had reform. Chicago produced Capone and Insull and gave them the City Hall to play in. Capone and Insull put Chicago on the map. It wasn't Chicago's fault that hard times came and removed them both when the United States discovered how much they had got away with in unpaid taxes.

Back in the '90's, when Chicagoans were as naive as New Yorkers are today, they dangled nooses in front of the aldermen and did something about the "boodlers"; but nothing about the boodle. Those were the days, too, when the attorney for the First National Bank defended the Haymarket anarchists; but the publisher of the *News* convinced the prosecutor, and the prosecutor convinced the judge, that men who talked anarchy were guilty whoever threw the bomb. Today Chicago is sophisticated. It knows that it can't do anything about "it"; so it doesn't bother to do anything about "them." Chicago won't stand for Ed Kelly any longer because Ed is clumsy. A man who dismantles the schools right in front of the school children makes a city look foolish. And a sophisticated city doesn't want to look foolish.

Chicago won't get reform, because it doesn't want it. There isn't a citizens' organization in town. The City Club wonders why the average cost of black top surfacing on WPA projects is $2.36 a square yard in Chicago and $1 in Detroit, but the City Club is "non-political"; so it just wonders. The Civic Federation and the Commit-

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tee on Public Expenditures "are supported by practically all the large taxpayers and business interests," according to the Illinois Company, which specializes in municipal bonds. They stand firmly for non-political reduction of taxes—not sales taxes but property taxes. They object to big budgets. So did the New York business men's committee which found that city's books in order six months before the Tweed ring smashed. Chicago doesn't care. Out goes one New Deal Ed Kelly, in the mayoralty election next year, and in comes another New Deal Ed Kelly, a smoother cut from the same cloth, consecrated to the same ideals. The White Knight slated to be Chicago's next mayor is State's Attorney Thomas J. Courtney. Ed Kelly's crowd call him Honest Tom.

The New Deal Democrats split in the 1936 primaries, when the "organization" tried to dump Governor Horner, because he sponsored a permanent registration law, and Courtney, because he was getting too big to handle. Horner, Courtney, and the teamsters' union bosses are the "reform" organization. Kelly, the building-trades bosses, and an ever-dwindling number of ward committeemen are the "regular" organization. The fight is a fight for power, nothing else. Reform is not an issue between these two sets of patriots who kept each other's hands in the city's pocket for twenty years. The New Deal is not an issue between New Dealer Courtney and New Dealer Kelly, for Courtney is owned by Colonel Frank Knox, who calls the New Deal fascism, and Kelly is owned by Colonel McCormick, who calls the New Deal communism. There is only one issue between these groups, and Chicago knows it and doesn't care.

The country still talks about the South Chicago massacre. Chicago has forgotten it. To be sure, a mob of what the *Tribune* called "assistant Communists"—including the president of the Chicago Church Federation—held some kind of protest meeting and defended the mob of what the *News* called "rioters." But the Chicago papers, except for the *Times,* didn't fall for the old Communist gag of protest meetings. There was some squawking about a suppressed newsreel, but the Chicago papers didn't fall for the old Communist gag of "freedom of the press"; Mayor Kelly suppressed the newsreel because one riot was enough, and Mayor Kelly was right.

Anyway, didn't a coroner's jury, selected at random and composed entirely of unemployed legionnaires, require only fifty-six seconds, after an inquest which lasted ten days, to decide that the rioters, including a baby eating a popsicle, were trying to break into Tom Girdler's defenseless factory and murder the workers? And wasn't this proved by Mr. Courtney's assistant when he asked Dr. Jacques, who testified that seven of the dead men had been shot in the back, "Was your name ever Jacobson?" even though Jacques—whose father, also a physician, was also born Jacques—denied it? Of course, there were a few pieces that didn't quite match. It was funny that a mob "armed with revolvers," as the *Tribune* said, and bent on breaking into a factory and murdering the workers didn't shoot a single policeman, even though, as the *Tribune* said, "the mob began firing on the blue-coats." Then there was that talk about Tom Girdler's having donated the clubs and the gas used by the police. (But if that had been true it would have been in the Chicago papers.) And there was the *Tribune's* streamer story about the "plot," in which "one of the wounded rioters" in a confession "carefully guarded by the police" told how the rioters had been drilled for two days "in twenty-four platoons of twenty-four men each." Mayor Kelly had already announced that "the riot was caused by outside mobs who came to Chicago for the purpose of making trouble." Courtney's assistants told the *Tribune* that the confession was "the most important of their evidence," and Courtney said, "My report will speak for itself."

Even Chicagoans who didn't care may have wondered, for a while, what became of the confession and the report. But those that wondered figured that, even though one side always gets killed, "both sides are probably wrong." So the best thing to do was forget it. Let New York and St. Louis and La Follette worry about it. Why shouldn't Chicago forget, when the A. F. of L. had turned its back on the dead and the C. I. O. had turned its back on the living? John Fitzpatrick, who directed the 1919 steel strike and once committed the Chicago Federation of Labor to industrial unionism, decided that the ten men dead for steel and industrial unionism were "of no concern to the Chicago Federation of Labor because it was a C. I. O. strike."

A month ago the lawyers for the Mine Workers and the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, representing the fifty-odd surviving "rioters" indicted for unlawful assembly, reached an agreement with Courtney's assistants whereby the men and women who tried to break into a steel plant and murder the workers pleaded guilty and were fined $1. A trial would have shaken America—and Chicago besides. It would certainly have wrecked Kelly and probably Courtney—possibly Henry Horner, too, who conferred with the heads of the struck plants and said nothing. Chicago labor would have known where it stood, and the Labor Party wouldn't be a paper organization in Illinois today, nor would Labor's Non-Partisan League have to choose between Louis XIV and Louis XV in its search for friends to reward.

The reform movement in Chicago consists of serious groups of little thinkers sitting around and telling each other how New York did it. All the movement lacks is leaders, followers, money, forums, an organization, and a press. With the Democrats split and the Republicans and the Communists off the ballot, a minority candidate on a reform ticket might win. The city has never been riper for it. But Harold Ickes is the only Chicagoan with sufficient prestige to tackle the job, and Ickes can't convince himself that he ought to leave the Cabinet and fly to ills he wots not of. If Roosevelt wanted to reform Chicago (which he doesn't), the Horner-Courtney machine could be forced to accept Ickes as a candidate. This wouldn't dispose of Courtney, who would probably have to be thrown a senatorship, but it would get him out of town. The *Beacon,* Chicago's latest literary-reform venture, says that Ickes will run neither for senator this year

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nor for mayor next, and the *Beacon* is close to Ickes. In the end the reform talkers will string along with Courtney. An examination of Courtney's record would explode the newspaper myth of the driving, fearless prosecutor; but Chicago doesn't examine records. Courtney is supposed to have reduced crime, but in the "Uniform Crime Reports" Chicago occupies the same position it held in 1931—that of the most lawless city in the nation.

The *Tribune* will tell you who really reduced crime in Chicago: "Thanks to the spirit which Mayor Kelly has instilled in the force, the police are doing a better job of crime prevention and detection than this city has known in a generation." But even the *Tribune* joins the Association of Commerce and the ladies' clubs in extolling Courtney, for in Courtney they have a man who is hell on people who violate the laws against stealing bread, sleeping under bridges, or begging in the streets. Leaving prosecuting to his assistants, Courtney summons the reporters and issues a public warning to criminals to watch out. He warns all classes of criminals and prosecutes some. He prosecutes no election frauds. He prosecutes no tax or receivership cases. The Board of Tax Appeals reduced the 1933 valuation of the *Tribune's* capital stock from $4,023,619 to $1,447,006; *Fortune* placed the 1933 value of the *Tribune's* capital stock at $53,600,000.

But Chicago doesn't care. Still on Courtney's long list of unsolved murders are those of two state representatives, both of them gambling operators. He lost his only two cases against public officials showing shortages—Sweitzer and Zintak. After the Sweitzer comedy the *News,* which now calls Tom Dewey "the Courtney of New York," said: "Two things need to be demonstrated in Cook County, first, that political office-holders are subject to the law; second, that the state's attorney's office is no respecter of political persons when violation of the law is the issue." His three "drives" against racketeers resulted in a case apiece against contractors, streetcar-accident fakers, and ambulance chasers, and all three cases were lost.

Like Kelly, Courtney is a friend of organized labor. A few months ago Mike Galvin, whose teamsters' union Courtney had "outlawed" with the assistance of a three-time convict named "Lefty" Lynch, was murdered in gangsterless Chicago. A $1,000 check made out to—and indorsed by—Courtney was found in Galvin's safe-deposit box. Courtney said he had received the check from the Motor Truck Operators' Association "for a legal fee for services as attorney for the association in 1930 when it achieved repeal of the public-cart license." The public-cart license was repealed by the Illinois legislature, and Courtney was a state senator from 1926 to 1932. In addition to his salary as a state senator and fees from associations whose legislative interests he advanced, Courtney drew pay from the people of Chicago for serving in all three of the following capacities from August, 1927, to December, 1928: assistant attorney (one of 404) for Ed Kelly's Sanitary District at $6,000 a year; secretary of the Chicago City Council Building and Zoning Committee at $4,000 a year; sergeant-at-arms of the City Council at $1,500 a year. But a man has to make a living. And Chicago doesn't care.

Of all the things Chicago doesn't care about, gambling is the most prosperous. Several months ago—after four years as state's attorney—Courtney discovered that the citizens of Cook County were betting on horse races. The *Tribune* announced, without criticizing the law-enforcement agencies, that "the revived Capone mob" was doing a $2,000,000-a-day handbook business. The state's attorney called in the reporters and announced that he was going to clean up gambling not only in Cook County but in Mayor Kelly's Chicago. Honest Tom's war on gambling consisted of the regular well-photographed raids. Gambling is as wide open as ever. The big syndicators are still riding high, but Courtney has called them some terrible names. The implications of this invasion of the local police area by the state's attorney's police are profound. With the "reform" organization cleaning up gambling, a Democratic ward committeeman with a constituent in the gambling business would be silly to turn to his old friends in the "regular" organization to find out how about it. The grapevine carries word of steady desertions of ward leaders from Kelly to Courtney and Horner.

With the city's budget exceeding current tax and license revenue, Kelly recently had his city council legalize handbooks in bald evasion of Illinois law. Horner, who calls for a state income tax when he's a candidate and enacts a 3 per cent sales tax when he's governor, was horrified by Kelly's brazen method of squeezing the turnip. Kelly, who has never been accused of a sense of humor, explained: "We are not going to license handbooks. We hope to regulate brokers as agents of the legalized process of buying parts of a horse." It was no surprise when the fighting prosecutor joined the Governor in viewing with alarm this diversion of a part of the "take" to Mayor Kelly's bulging budget.

Why doesn't Chicago care? Because it's sophisticated? Not entirely. Even a sophisticate kicks when his watch is stolen. But a drunk doesn't care what time it is. Chicago is young and rich, as cities go. Its bonded debt is low. Dun and Bradstreet finds the "underlying situation" "fundamentally sound," although "large current cash difficulties have been accumulated because of conditions which are essentially administrative rather than fiscal."

Behind Chicago's what-the-hell's-the-use lies the systematic exploitation of a city still young and rich by those interests whose privileges the city supports. Of course the tax rate is second only to Boston's, and the tax delinquency is the highest in the country. But anything is better than a sales tax, and leading citizens can always go to Mayor Kelly's Board of Tax Appeals. Chicago's credit is weak; its bonds are currently bringing a higher yield than any comparable municipals except one-industry Detroit's. But judgment day is far off.

Chicago is young and rich. Look at it. There are 200,000 Negroes living in tenements meant to house 150,000, and getting restless. Construction is stagnant because you can't build a modern structure in Chicago with-

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out violating the sixty-year-old building code—and paying for the privilege. Wooden "L" trains demolish each other and street cars crawl; the aldermen have been "studying" the traction problem for thirty years. Chicago has the highest traffic-accident rate in the country and one "super-highway" with a speed limit of thirty-five miles per hour. The sales tax enables the poor to pay for their own relief; and the aldermen are "considering" the *Tribune's* proposal to finger-print the recipients. The school system spends a larger proportion of its budget on non-instructional items than the school administration of any other metropolis.

The *News*, with Courtney in its pocket and reform in its soul, blames it all on Kelly. The *Tribune* used to blame it all on Thompson. But the fact is, and will be, that Chicago doesn't even get Christmas baskets for its money. Courtney is handsomer than Kelly and Knox is brighter than McCormick, but a bright and handsome machine will not reverse the trend of a city that doesn't care. Some day Chicago will sober up and find its watch gone. Then it will get sore—at the politicians. It will demand to be saved—from the politicians. Well, the Nazis campaigned for clean government with the argument that the Mayor of Berlin got an overcoat wholesale.

Why France Has No Dictator

BY M. E. RAVAGE

THE fall of the Chautemps government on January 14 was in itself neither important nor surprising. Everyone in the least familiar with developments in France had been expecting it for months. But it was something of a shock to find that the Popular Front had suddenly gone the way of all flesh, that despite the solemn oaths and the dire warnings that held it together, it had broken down like the cartels before it. The dissolution of a parliamentary majority, however, should not be mistaken for the failure of a popular movement. The quarrels and ineptitudes of the leaders should not be confused with the will of a people, nor the political coalition in the Chambers with the cohesive masses in the country. The local (canton) elections of last October showed clearly where the nation's heart was. Though intrigue and discord even then threatened the solidarity of the parties, the rank and file kept the faith, often in spite of the candidates. It is a safe prediction that were the voters to be consulted today they would still return a comfortable left majority. This probability, along with one or two other reasons, makes it unlikely that President Lebrun will dissolve the present Chamber and appeal to the country.

The constancy of the French people is not to be wholly explained by ideology or their ingrained repugnance for dictatorship, nor yet by the tradition inherited from '89, which in France so often makes even a well-to-do landowner or business man vote "left" on Election Day. The wage-earners, no doubt, are influenced by these things. But the middle classes have been profoundly disillusioned by eighteen months of strikes, financial instability, social turmoil, rising prices, and diplomatic weakness. They would make substantial sacrifices for a "strong" and lasting government. And yet they remain faithful to the Popular Front. Workers, peasants, shopkeepers, civil servants, even small capitalists would again stand together and vote left—and primarily out of patriotism. Their solidarity, they are convinced, is a condition of French security. They have not forgotten that Laval nearly succeeded in ruining the British alliance and isolating France. The left may be weak and inefficient and ridden by politicians. But the right is all these and blind into the bargain. The left lacks unity. But the right is chaos. And since it is precisely discord and disorder that the foreign foe desires for France, there is no choice for Frenchmen who love their country but to stand by the People's Front.

Signs that all was not harmonious among the "parties of order" have abounded for two years. Just before the elections of 1936 an attempt to organize a National Front in opposition to the Popular Front ended in riot and broken heads. If one read the rightist press one got the impression that the numerous factions devoted to the "reconciliation" of the French people were incompatible. The royalists were contemptuous of Colonel de la Rocque and accused him of misleading the Croix de Feu. Stranger still, the royalists mistrusted and made insinuations against the royal princes. André Tardieu noisily banged the door of the Chamber of Deputies, wrote a book to explain why, and retired to the Riviera to sulk. Jacques Doriot, having quit the Communist Party, plastered the walls and fences of France with attacks on the Soviets, provoked riots in St. Denis and Marseilles, but made little headway toward a dictatorship. Each little group charged the others with responsibility for the merciless rout of the nationalists at the polls. A renewed effort for union merely brought an alliance between Doriot and the Louis Marin faction. La Rocque, for whom the bait was intended, did not bite. Then in the summer of 1937 the tempo suddenly quickened.

What followed is, in part at least, known to the American newspaper reader, but the tale is worth repeating for the light it throws on the processes by which spontaneous nationalistic movements for the regeneration of mankind are launched, and on the obstacles which they encounter in countries with a civilized tradition like France. This is roughly the outline of the story.

The wealthy Duke Pozzo di Borgo, at present languish-

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ing in a Paris prison as a *Cagoulard* but for a number of years the principal angel of the Croix de Feu, began appearing as a contributor of literary wares in the weekly journal *Choc,* edited by a Colonel Guillaume. The paper, reputedly inspired by the Dominicans and avowedly clerical in aim, had for months been attacking the leader of the Croix de Feu. At the same time the royalist *Action Française* was charging the unhappy La Rocque with all the crimes in the calendar, and insinuations of varying degrees of virulence were appearing throughout the nationalist press, notably in Doriot's lately acquired *Liberté* and—to the general astonishment—in Léon Bailby's *Jour,* hitherto the staunchest supporter of La Rocque and his organization. The climax was reached early last summer. In July *Choc* featured an interview by Pozzo with André Tardieu in which the ex-Premier revealed that throughout his term as head of the Cabinet he had subsidized the Croix de Feu with the taxpayers' money, by regular allowances from the government's slush fund (*fonds secrets*). The effect of this bombshell may be imagined. All eyes now turned to the *Petit Journal,* which had passed under the editorship of La Rocque. But the Colonel kept silent, neither confirming nor denying the charge. Shortly afterward Guillaume, the editor of *Choc,* was attacked and nearly killed in the garden of his country estate by two men subsequently caught and identified as members of La Rocque's French Social Party.

After several weeks of rumination the Colonel decided at last to take notice of the Tardieu accusation. At the congress of his party at Lyons he told his followers that his ex-friend Pozzo di Borgo had forfeited the respect of honest men by circulating calumnies against his former chief. This was the very opportunity the Duke had been waiting for in order to force La Rocque into the open. Immediately he filed suit in the Lyons courts for libel. On the witness stand Tardieu made a barbecue of the pitiable La Rocque. He repeated what he had told Pozzo in the interview, embroidering it with delectable details and correcting one or two minor slips. Later he amplified the story further in the Paris courts, to which La Rocque had been reckless enough to summon in his turn some fourteen newspaper publishers and reporters—running all the way from Léon Daudet of the *Action Française* to Lucien Sampaix of *l'Humanité* and including Léon Bailby and Colonel Guillaume—on the charge of having libeled him by printing the Tardieu interview.

Tardieu's story in brief was as follows: For nearly six years (between July, 1926 and May, 1932), during which period he was, with two brief interruptions, a member of the government (Minister of Agriculture and of the Interior and twice Premier), he had kept up regular relations with Colonel de la Rocque. The chief of the Croix de Feu had been recommended to him originally by a high personage in the army. On his third visit the Colonel asked the Minister for money. He was, he said, expanding his organization and would appreciate financial assistance from the national government—that is to say, from the parliamentary republic he aimed to destroy. Tardieu was "happy to have a force of order to oppose to the Communists"—the classic pretext. In eighteen months La Rocque came some twenty-five or twenty-six times, not to the Ministry of the Interior, as *Choc* had erroneously reported, but to the Minister's residence on the Avenue de Messine, and each time asked for and obtained a sum of money. On an average the payments came to 20,000 francs a month. Tardieu continued for three months to dispense the secret funds. After that he passed on the "customer" to his successor. The new Premier, Pierre Laval, being a native of Auvergne, "did not have the same ideas" as his predecessor about squandering the public moneys and cut the allowance in half. But when Tardieu came back to the Premiership he agreed, at La Rocque's request, to pay up the arrears. Laval refused to appear on the witness stand, but Colonel Guillaume swore by his wife and children that in private conversation Laval had confirmed the Tardieu charges against La Rocque.

In return for these generosities what was expected of the fire-eating Colonel? Nothing specific, except to be on hand when his patrons, Tardieu or Laval, traveled, and with a brass-lunged applause brigade of his followers to drown out the hostile cries of the opposition. Oddly enough, Laval for 10,000 francs a month got better results than Tardieu for 20,000. On Laval's return from America, for instance, (November 2, 1931) he was met at the station by a brigade commanded by the Colonel in person and (says Tardieu, who was there) given the greatest ovation of his life. It was on Laval's orders, too, that La Rocque broke up an international peace congress at the Trocadéro, presided over by Herriot and attended by foreign ambassadors and other distinguished delegates from abroad. But on the whole Tardieu had no cause to complain. La Rocque, he said on the witness stand, "was a good and faithful servant." Paul Gérin, in the weekly *Vendredi,* has gone to the pains of running down the newspaper accounts of these incidents, and in each instance Tardieu's statements appear to be confirmed.

Notwithstanding, many French nationalists are perplexed about where the truth lies. The Colonel, it is alleged, is an inveterate liar, but Tardieu's past is likewise far from lily-white. There is, to begin with, the dubious procedure of a minister revealing the use made of the government's secret funds. It is unprecedented. There are, moreover, the allegedly scandalous affairs of the Homs-Bagdad Railway and the N'goko Sangha mining enterprise, in which the young Tardieu is supposed to have been involved.

On the witness stand the editor of the daily *Epoque,* Henri de Kerillis, one of the few old supporters of La Rocque to stand by him in his hour of trouble, accused Tardieu to his face of having lied to him on previous occasions and boldly questioned his veracity now. De Kerillis, explained the "Tardieusards," could not very conveniently take sides against the Colonel, since his Chamber seat depends on the good-will of the Croix de Feu. The truth seems to be less simple. Kerillis, it appears, was elected in Neuilly, a reactionary suburban strong-

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hold, by the for once united nationalists. Now that they have split between La Rocque and Tardieu, he is worried over 1940, when he comes up for reelection. Whatever the reasons for Kerillis's loyalty, La Rocque seems to have a particular talent for losing friends and making enemies. He forfeited the good-will of Bailby and the right press as a whole when he entered into competition with them by acquiring the *Petit Journal*. And by continually putting off the day of reckoning with the republic he drove his more impatient followers into the arms of the *Cagoule*, which seemed to mean business.

The famous Comité Secret d'Action Révolutionnaire did not share the Colonel's scruples about obtaining arms from the foes of France and endangering its security by following in Franco's footsteps. The Communists and Socialists stopped an incipient revolution in the spring of 1936 by persuading the workers that the breakdown of authority in France would bring not liberation but Hitler. The *Cagoulards* drew their recruits from the lunatic fringe of the Croix de Feu and members of kindred "nationalist" organizations who in private conversation proclaimed, "Better Hitler than the Popular Front!" La Rocque, it is only fair to say, would not believe these maniacs were serious, just as he refused to believe that Tardieu would betray him. Events have now convinced him. Disgruntled because the Colonel had failed to bring about a coup d'état in November, 1934, when the Radical Socialists with Herriot at their head pulled the props from under Doumergue, Tardieu vowed the destruction of the Croix de Feu which he had so lavishly nurtured with the republic's money.

The royalists sensed danger when the Colonel's brother entered the service of "the Princes" and got the Young Pretender, the so-called Comte de Paris, to publish in Paris a journal of his own, the *Courrier Royal*. Last summer open war broke out between the royalists and the royal family—a situation which only a comic genius could have invented. Matters came to such a pass that the Duc de Guise publicly accused the *Action Française* of "exploiting instead of serving the royal cause." After being excommunicated by the Catholic church some years ago, the royalist leaders Maurras and Daudet have rounded out their farcical careers by being repudiated by the pretender to the throne!

In all this battle Jacques Doriot has played scarcely any part—for a good reason. He is having trouble enough holding his own followers in line. The left weekly *Flèche* has for a number of weeks been publishing the letters of ex-leaders of the Doriotiste P. P. F. who have discovered that their chief, while pretending to be anti-capitalist and anti-Communist, was in reality anti-left but on the best of terms with the financial oligarchy.

Small wonder that the *Völkischer Beobachter*, surely an eminent authority, recently declared that "until further notice the French nationalists have ceased to count." The only question is whether the credit for fascism's failure in France is to be given to the Popular Front or to the aspiring Führers themselves.

Next—The Radio Newspaper

BY RUTH BRINDZE

THERE is no longer anything speculative about printing newspapers in the home by radio. Merely by adding a facsimile attachment you can convert an ordinary radio into a printing-press capable of picking news and pictures from the air and setting them down in black and white. Orders are already pouring into the factory and within the next few months these facsimile machines, potentially the most socially significant invention since the development of the printing-press, will be operating in homes throughout the country.

Several machines which have been developed to a point where they can now be placed in service are described in the current report of the Federal Communications Commission. The Radio Corporation of America, which controls many of the fundamental radio patents, of course, has one. But the Finch machine, the invention of a former engineer of the Communications Commission, so far dominates the field. In appearance these machines are deceptively simple. To broadcast printed material, the type and pictures must be converted into electrical impulses. In the Finch transmitting machine this is accomplished by means of a tiny bulb, or "scanning light," which moves across the page reflecting back to a photo-electric cell the light and dark values of each line. The electric cell, in turn, converts these light and dark qualities into the electrical impulses which can be transmitted by the radio station through its regular broadcasting equipment. The facsimile receiving set, a neat little box approximately the size of a table radio, picks up these signals and by means of a stylus moving across a roll of carbon-backed paper reconverts them into the light and dark lines which form letters and pictures. It is printing without ink and without type. No one makes any pretense that the machines have been fully perfected. But they work more efficiently than did the first radio receiving sets of the early 1920's, and their full technical development will not take long. The Finch machines now produce only a three-column paper, but they can easily be made to print a tabloid of five columns. The present rate of printing is also comparatively slow, only one linear inch a minute, but this also can be speeded up.

The technical problems are far simpler than the social and economic ones, for if the development of facsimile broadcasting continues, as there is every reason to believe

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that it will, city folks as well as those who live on the farms can be supplied with newspapers and other reading material by radio. The Radio Corporation's facsimile receiver is already equipped with a blade for cutting the printed rolls of paper into convenient page sizes. With the addition of a simple binding device, books and magazines may be produced by the little radio printing machine. The possibilities are unlimited. As events take place, as history is made, the facsimile machines will produce directly in the home a contemporaneous printed record. No newspapers will be able to compete. Facsimile will be faster, more convenient, cheaper. At the trivial cost of the rolls of paper and the electric current, the audience will be supplied with more printed matter than it can read. Every day's paper may be as bulky as the Sunday *Times;* magazines and books will achieve a circulation of a hundred million.

Even now, before large-scale production has been begun, it is estimated that a facsimile receiving machine can be profitably sold for less than forty dollars. Eventually, Finch prophesies, a visual recording device will be included in the same cabinet with the apparatus for receiving oral broadcasts. And everyone will have one, for perhaps the only way of getting a newspaper and other printed matter will be by radio. Television has not yet been perfected; the audience must await the solution of technical problems before movies can be produced in the home. But facsimile is ready today.

Both Finch and the Federal Communications Commission are fully awake to the potentialities of the machine but avoid a discussion of the broader problems by suggesting a limited use. Radio newspapers, Finch says, will supplement, not supplant, the press as we have it today. Facsimile will lead to the development of a new style of writing; reports will be terse, in bulletin form, and for further details the audience will still have to buy a newspaper. The publishers comforted themselves with this theory several years ago when radio began to compete with the press in the distribution of news, but soon had to abandon it, and they have undoubtedly learned from past experience that the way to overcome competition is to operate the facsimile machines themselves. Of course the ultimate control of facsimile will remain with the public, just as the power to regulate oral broadcasting has been left in its hands. If you don't like the program, you flip the switch; and if the editorial selection of Station Y and Z is as distasteful as that of Station X, you can shut off the machine entirely. For the reader who is hard to please there will always be the books printed before inventive genius developed printing by radio.

The present policy of the Federal Communications Commission on facsimile broadcasting is one of cautious planlessness. Licenses are being issued for experimental purposes and on a temporary basis. This relieves the commission of the necessity of determining immediately who shall control the machines so that their operation will be "in the public interest." But temporary privileges have a way of achieving permanency in the radio world. Eight licenses have already been issued—to Stations WGN, Chicago; WSM, Nashville; KSD, St. Louis; WOR, Newark; WHO, Des Moines; WGH, Newport News; KFBK, Sacramento; and KMJ, Fresno; and a raft of other applications have been filed. Stations which have been willing to spend a modest fortune on facsimile experiments will have a strong argument for being permitted to continue visual broadcasting when the service proves successful.

Facsimile offers interesting possibilities of profit to the radio stations. It can be transmitted on the regular wave lengths and by means of existing broadcasting equipment. Moreover, instead of remaining idle for six or more hours out of every twenty-four, the machines can be kept busy transmitting printed news and paid advertising. The licenses so far issued permit the stations to use their wave lengths for visual service only between midnight and six in the morning, but eventually visual as well as oral broadcasts may be permitted at any hour.

To obtain a temporary license, a station must agree to place facsimile receiving sets in fifty or more homes within the area it serves. The method of selecting this trial audience is not specified, but if the unnamed guinea pigs like the service, their favorable reaction will be accepted as an expression of public approval, and facsimile broadcasting will be made available to all.

The commission declares in its report that it is chiefly interested in discovering what the public reaction will be and whether the cost of maintaining this new service will be prohibitive. But there are a number of other questions that must be answered. Should the control of facsimile be granted to the present operators of radio stations, giving them a monopoly of the printed as well as of the spoken word? Should facsimile be viewed merely as an adjunct of the press and the grants be made only to publishers? Will the constitutional guaranty of a free press be destroyed when facsimile newspapers are published by licensees of the government? Unless satisfactory answers are found to these and related problems facsimile machines may become new Frankenstein monsters in the homes of the people.

Afraid of Forgery?

BY BEATRICE SCHAPPER

AMERICANS pay out millions of dollars annually for devices which will protect them against check-raising and forgery. Fearful that their bank account may be wiped out at one stroke and ignorant of the law which protects them, otherwise shrewd business men fall easy prey to the knowing salesmen of check-writing machines, safety papers, and forgery insurance policies.

The actual amount spent on these various safeguards against loss by forgery cannot be determined. Strangely enough no figures on the amount of forgery insurance written can be obtained, though the totals for other kinds of insurance are easily procurable. Nor is the value of the output of the safety-paper manufacturers known. But government reports show that check-writer companies

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turned out, in round numbers, 1,800,000 machines in 1927, 2,350,000 in 1929, and 1,300,000 in 1931.

No user of a check-writing machine and safety paper is absolutely protected, for a clever forger can sponge out the colors—saving the signature—iron out the perforations, retint the paper, and finally write in his own amount. But since only experts possess the necessary technical equipment and skill, the introduction of these devices has made check-raising nearly a lost art. However, three ways of forging checks still remain: forging the signature, forging the indorsement, and counterfeiting the whole check. This margin of non-protection by machines and safety paper is recognized and capitalized by the surety and insurance companies. It is even admitted by the check-writer manufacturers, for the two leading firms offer free with the purchase of every machine an insurance policy good for two years. This is a clean give-away of the hollowness of their claims—the companies feel obliged to safeguard the safeguard!

The policy insures the purchaser of the check-writer and the bank upon which the check may be drawn against loss if there should be a forgery of the amount, number, date, or payee's name, *not* against forgery of the drawer's signature or against a forged indorsement. A policy is issued at a cost of twenty-five to fifty cents to the check-writer manufacturer, who in turn places bonds to indemnify the insurance company against liability under the policy. The individual accustomed to paying high rates for similar insurance may conclude from this arrangement that the risk of loss for the average depositor is really small. Besides, nearly all raised or altered checks are honored first by a bank other than that upon which they are drawn. If the latter then honors the forged check, the law permits recovery from the bank which cashed the check. This is true in all cases of forgery except when a depositor's signature has been counterfeited, and is one reason for the risk paucity.

The insurance company underwrites the risk at a net rate under one dollar per thousand dollars of insurance; in other words, the company wagers a thousand dollars to one it will not meet loss under the policy. How can this low rate be reconciled with advertising statements that forged and altered check losses reach $300,000,000 annually—a sum second only to the national loss from fire?

Almost every concern in the country carries forgery insurance. So dreaded is the specter of the forger that one company whose bank deposits never have gone and are never likely to go higher than $50,000 pays annually for $250,000 of forgery coverage. The star salesman of an insurance company in one of our largest cities rated in one year $18,000 in commissions on this type of insurance alone. Yet as far as the depositor himself is concerned, forgery insurance is almost entirely unnecessary; he is already adequately protected by law. The person who takes out a policy against forgery is really insuring not himself but his bank.

The negotiable-instruments law, which since 1924 has been in force in every state of the Union, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines, makes the bank responsible for the loss which it causes the depositor through cashing a forged check. Not a single leading authority disputes this interpretation of the law; case after case decided in the courts substantiates it. It is true that a forgery must be proved by the drawer of a check before he can recover from a bank, but it must likewise be proved before he can recover from an insurance company. Does anyone harbor the belief that insurance companies are more willing than banks to part with their money?

Should one be the victim of a forgery so skilful that nobody can detect it, one is out of luck to be sure. But the technique of detection today has been made nearly perfect by the use of photography, the color screen, chemical tests, micrometry, and the microscope. Once the alteration is proved, the bank is responsible whether or not it used all ordinary care in honoring the check, for the law places that risk on the bank and not on the depositor. As a matter of fact, a bank managed by reputable men will not require impossible proofs of forgery or deny its legal responsibility, although many bank officials will hesitate to acknowledge clearly their own obligation under the law when asked for information. After all, when the depositors' expenditures for protective devices help the banks, why should the banks discourage them?

Forged signatures and indorsements need be the cause of little worry to drawers of checks, but they are matters of serious concern to those who cash or in some other way honor checks. To banks this risk may be well worth insuring against. Since 1922, therefore, several insurance companies have issued a bond to thousands of banks and trust companies. This bond, called a Bankers' Blanket Forgery and Alteration Bond, indemnifies the insured bank for all losses sustained through forged commercial paper. Since in a big year America uses $700,000,000,000 worth of checks, banks very properly insure themselves against loss on such a huge sum.

Although the bank is responsible for losses incurred through forged checks, the rights of a depositor may be sacrificed through negligence or delay. The time within which a depositor must examine his returned check vouchers and report forgery is fixed by law in some states; in others it is required simply to be a reasonable time; in still others it is fixed by agreement between the bank and the individual depositor. A depositor should find out which arrangement affects him. Moreover, the writer of checks may protect himself by observing certain simple precautions. He should be careful not to leave unfilled space on the payee line or on the amount line, and should write the amount in words as close to the left-hand margin as possible. Anyone who cashes a check for a stranger should follow the rules developed by the police department of the city of Tacoma, reputed a "tough town" for hot-check specialists. These are: (1) insist that the home address appear on the check and verify by the city directory; (2) ask to see driver's license, check signature, and bank book; (3) ask name of wife or husband, where employed, names of neighbors, and verify the information in suspicious cases.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE President's latest proposals for increasing the army and navy take us much farther along the road to genuine militarism and in many respects give no additional assurance that the country will be better defended, for the simple fact remains that we are arming without definite plan and without anything like adequate coordination of army and navy. The proposed addition of a force of 75,000 reserves to the regular army will be an important adjunct to our powerful military machine. With few exceptions all military men are propagandists for greater and greater forces and expenditures. The heads of no army or navy are ever satisfied; they are always asking for more. An increase of 2,000 regular army officers will make our army more than ever over-officered in proportion to the number of enlisted men; hence there will be an immediate demand in the next Congress that the number of enlisted men be raised so that there will be troops for these officers to command. Of the 12,777 officers we now have, many are necessarily on detached duty, some of which is valuable and necessary, some of which is not, like the training of high-school boys in the rudiments of military drill. The excuse is that we must have an extra supply of regular officers to command the millions of men we shall raise when war comes again.

It is needless to point out that it is extraordinarily difficult to reduce an army. (It was done in the reorganization of 1870 after the Civil War, when the occupation of the Southern states was growing less important.) Once you have a number of officers they feel that they have a life interest in their jobs and that it is unjust to turn them adrift, perhaps in middle age, when they have been trained for one career and nothing else. Thus the proposed addition to the number of regular officers will in all probability be a permanent charge and make more and more difficult the reduction of the federal budget. Of course the new ships to be built for the navy will also call for more men and more officers. The total force is, or soon will be, three times that of the navy under the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, who was considered a very considerable navalist.

Now if there were a genuine national emergency it would be possible to understand Mr. Roosevelt's action. Since that emergency does not exist, the President cannot complain if he is charged with being motivated by other reasons than the purely military. The dictators abroad have found that increasing their military and naval forces is an easy way to reduce unemployment; it is another way to spend federal money in the expectation of priming the pump again. Like almost all Mr. Roosevelt's actions this one has not been thought through, nor is it in accord with a definite, far-reaching national program. As John T. Flynn and other economists have pointed out, a prosperity purchased by armament expenditure is illusive and dangerous; when the program is completed and the work stops the economic results are bound to be serious.

Certainly, as I have stated on this page before, there is nothing in the Japanese situation to call for this move unless the purpose is to make that situation worse by inflaming it. The news of it will undoubtedly stimulate the Japanese militarists to extra efforts to increase their forces, just as our sending three cruisers to Singapore has been accepted by the government-controlled Japanese press as a deliberate threat to Japan, as has the concentration of British ships at Singapore and Hongkong. Those who are engineering this national policy of rattling the saber appear really to believe that threats of this kind are the only thing that the Japanese militarists will listen to or be moved by. Behind Japan, however, are the dictator states in Europe. I have been shocked in talking with men in high position in Washington to find that some of them actually think that sooner or later we shall have to fight Hitler and Mussolini. If we are to stage another great crusade in Europe to save the world for democracy, the moves just made will obviously not be sufficient for an enterprise which will inevitably bring this country to the verge of bankruptcy and put an end to its republican institutions.

Nothing puzzles me more than the attitude of those who say that we must save the democracies of England and France—and Russia, since Russia is bound to fight with France under the existing treaties. What a joke that will be: American troops fighting not as at Archangel in 1918 to *destroy* Russian communism but to *defend* it, and especially the bloody brand of one Joseph Stalin! And what if in the next year or two France should go either communist or fascist, of which there is a chance? Again, I am dumfounded by the mentality of statesmen who contemplate another war abroad for democracy. They admit the vicious circle of armaments and more armaments, bound in the long run to decrease the standard of living for the workers and creating a dominating military machine. They even admit that if we go into war we may come out of it fascist or communist, and still they insist that we must arm in the present "emergency." They even concede what I have so often pointed out—that, according to Franklin Roosevelt and many military and naval officers, we cannot attack Japan nor Japan attack us. Yet they are for more preparedness, a bigger army, a bigger navy, all of which is a complete confession of the bankruptcy of their statesmanship.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Conqueror of the Seas

CONQUEROR OF THE SEAS. THE STORY OF MAGELLAN. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. $3.50.

I AM glad that Stefan Zweig took that cruise to South America. The boredom of the passenger liner that took him to the River Plate set him to thinking of the great voyagers of the past, of the navigators who opened up that sea route, and his train of thought led naturally to the greatest mariner of all that early band—Ferdinand Magellan.

Realizing with a sense almost of shame that the magnificence of Magellan's feat had hitherto quite escaped him, that he knew little or nothing of this great first circumnavigation, Mr. Zweig became interested. His interest has given us a splendid protrayal of a heroic deed, a moving study of the indefatigable, coldly determined seaman who in spite of all obstacles—poor vessels, mutiny, the hazards of the ocean, starvation—first transported himself around the whole globe. True, Magellan did not complete the actual circumnavigation of which the passage of Magellan Straits was such a historic landmark; but he had been before to the East Indies on many eastbound voyages. When he came to the East Indies from the west, and his slave Enrique recognized with joy the language of his fellow-natives, the deed was done. The world had been rounded. After that, the way was clear. But it was ironical that the way never could be through the straits that Magellan found; tragic that, having gone so far to the south'ard to find that strait, he had not gone a little farther to find the easier, even kinder, route around the Horn. Magellan Straits, with their fierce, unpredictable sets, their sudden blacking-out of visibility with rain squalls, their dangerous "williwaw" squalls rushing from the surrounding frozen hills, their lack of anchorages, their tortuous, dangerous length, remain to this day so great a navigational hazard that even many high-powered steamers avoid that route, though it is well charted and lighted now and there is a port halfway, and it is shorter by far than the way around the Horn.

This brings me to my only minor contention with Mr. Zweig—that we learn from him too little of the actual sailing of the vessels, too little of the life on board. The transit of the strait, perilous triumph as it was, is dismissed with a few paragraphs. The ships arrive and pass through—a fleet of them (though one mutinied, and sneaked homeward to the east by night). A fleet of them! What a feat was this! No other sail-driven fleet successfully passed that way in four centuries afterward; no other man ever made such a voyage as Magellan climaxed there. We ought to have had more of that, more of the sailing, for not only the men had to be driven there. It was heroic work also to drive the ships. Yet no one will quarrel with Mr. Zweig because his grasp of nautical affairs is not as sure-founded as his grip of the affairs of men; this latter is the more important. Though his maritime nomenclature is sometimes curious—whatever on earth were those *naos,* "broad-beamed cutters with a draft ranging from eighty to one hundred tons"?—his feeling for the problems of a seaman upon a hazardous voyage is true enough.

The picture that emerges from these quiet, well-written pages is an unforgettable, deeply moving portrait of one of the greatest sailors the world has known. Conqueror of the seas? That he was not, and no one has been. Yet Ferdinand Magellan, safe in his Olympian retreat, may smile now in his bushy, bloody beard, smile to recall that the successful accomplishment of his voyage brought neither plaudits in his own land nor reward in his adopted one; smile grimly at the thought that even a partially adequate picture of what he tried to do, and did, had to await the passing of an exile briefly across a little of his tracks, four centuries afterward.

ALAN VILLIERS

Fabian Analysis and Conclusion

SOCIALISM VERSUS CAPITALISM. By A. C. Pigou. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

IF ACADEMIC economists were asked to name the outstanding representative of their profession, it is a fair guess that Professor A. C. Pigou, of Cambridge, would carry off the honors. He is a direct descendant in the English classical tradition of Adam Smith, David Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, and Alfred Marshall. His "Economics of Welfare" ranks with the half-dozen greatest works of bourgeois economics. Anything he has to say on the issue of "Socialism Versus Capitalism" is evidently important.

It would be a great mistake, however, to assume that the significance of this work is due to the reputation of its author. Professor Pigou has written a book characterized by intellectual honesty, courage, and logical clarity. No future discussion of the economic merits of the rival systems of society can afford to neglect his cogently marshaled arguments; and fortunately, since the book is addressed to the general reader, no such discussion need neglect them.

In passing judgment on the book it is necessary to remember that Professor Pigou operates within the narrow framework of orthodox economics, a framework which on principle excludes the consideration of the effects of economic forces on the social and political complexion of society. Professor Pigou's work, like that of his predecessors and contemporaries in the orthodox tradition, is essentially static and taxonomic. This approach, I think, is an unfortunate one, and yet when carried out honestly it has a curious result.

Capitalism is presented in a very favorable light considering the plain facts about inequality, unemployment, monopolistic restriction, and so forth, none of which does Professor Pigou attempt to gloss over. This is possible because the connections between capitalism as an economic system and the ugliest phenomena of the modern world, imperialist conflict and class brutality, are regarded as no concern of the economist. Yet in spite of this favorable presentation of the case for capitalism, Professor Pigou inevitably finds that socialism, regarded merely from the point of view of economic technique, is superior on nearly every count examined. For whatever may be said of war and class oppression, there can be no doubt that inequality, unemployment, monopolistic restriction, and cyclical fluctuations are endemic to the capitalist system. And there can be just as little doubt that these things are no part of the logic of socialism.

Professor Pigou does not bother specifically to refute the

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Mises school of anti-socialism, according to which it is a priori impossible to plan rationally the economic life of the community as a whole. Possibly this is because the job has been done so often and so thoroughly in the technical literature that he regarded it as unnecessary to go over the ground again. This must be accounted unfortunate in view of two recent events: the publication of Mises's *magnum opus* in English (under the title "Socialism"), and Walter Lippmann's belated discovery of this latter-day champion of vulgar Manchesterism. Since Lippmann rests his case against socialism largely on Mises, it would be valuable to have a specific exposé of the latter from so authoritative a pen as that of Professor Pigou. Still Chapters VII and VIII are so plainly an implicit refutation of the whole Mises doctrine that Lippmann can ignore them only at the expense of branding himself as an open propagandist for the status quo.

Not the least interesting part of "Socialism Versus Capitalism" is the concluding chapter, in which Professor Pigou makes what he calls "a confession of faith." His reasons for doing so should be read and pondered over by those "impartial" intellectuals who pride themselves on their refusal to espouse any program of social change.

> The fact that we are without the data and the instruments of thought necessary for assured judgment [he says] does not entitle us to sit back with folded hands. For to sit so is itself to take a decision; to make the great refusal, to declare ourselves in advance opponents of any change . . . we must use these imperfect data as best we may, and take the plunge, and *judge*. There is no other way.

Professor Pigou declares in effect for gradual socialization —a Fabian among Fabians. If capitalism were really what he supposes it to be, his advice could be whole-heartedly accepted. As it is, the events of the past twenty-five years must be regarded as grave confirmation of the counter arguments, which are as old as the doctrine of gradualism itself. Even for the Fabians, however, Professor Pigou has wise counsel, and underneath his calm language is veiled a stinging rebuke. "Gradualness," he says with conspicuous emphasis, "implies action, and is not a polite name for standing still."

PAUL M. SWEEZY

Jean Sibelius

JEAN SIBELIUS: HIS LIFE AND PERSONALITY. By Karl Ekman. With a Foreword by Ernest Newman. Translated by Edward Birse. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

SIBELIUS, A CLOSE-UP. By Bengt de Törne. With Musical Illustrations. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $1.75.

FORTY million Englishmen, including Ernest Newman, probably can't be wrong, and the English-speaking world is therefore coming to accept Sibelius as one of the immortals while he is still alive. Americans have not, like some English critics, placed him beside Beethoven and above everyone else, but an American radio audience, questioned on the subject of favorite composers, has chosen him as an easy first among all contemporaries.

If one accepts that judgment, an authorized biography of the great man is not only in order but overdue, and by that token Karl Ekman's book on "the greatest contemporary composer" (to quote the jacket) must be welcome. Mr. Ekman accepts the unconditional superlative throughout the book. He makes no attempt to justify this judgment by critical analysis but merely underlines it by such passages as the following, describing the symphonic poem "Kullervo," now almost forgotten, when it was first performed in 1892: "The voice of genius spoke so mightily, so overpoweringly, throughout the whole work, from the first bar to the last, that there was nothing for the dumfounded hearers to do but rejoice and admire."

On the other hand Mr. Ekman spares us the usual phrases about Sibelius as the somber and mystical genius inspired by the stark majesty of northern forests and the bleak melancholy of the Finnish plains and lakes. We learn, on the contrary, that from the first his music was "born of the sunshine cult of the northern summer," are reminded of the "radiant apotheosis of the fifth symphony," and told that his "Apollonian worship of light sheds its golden glory" over the seventh.

The most valuable part of this book, however, is not its somewhat fulsome praise but its details of the life of one who must be admired for his profound integrity as an artist, his adherence to the highest principles, and his productive energy. Although his master, Wegelius, was an ardent Wagnerian and tried to infect the pupil with his admiration, Sibelius's early aversion to the Bayreuth master was never completely overcome. He was "inspired" in his youth by Grieg and Tschaikowsky—a significant admission—and later came to admire both Dvorak and Bruckner, whose B-major symphony moved him to tears at the age of forty-six.

Of Richard Strauss Sibelius speaks with evident admiration, although he ventures no real judgment on his works. "Strauss," he says, "was extraordinarily amiable to me. . . . In later years, too, I was able to convince myself that he regarded my art with an impartiality and loyalty that I was bound to appreciate very highly." It may be amusing to interject here a remark that Strauss made to the present reviewer some fifteen years later. It was in a restaurant in Paris, and the orchestra struck up a familiar piece. "What's that?" Strauss asked, turning to me, and being told that it was Sibelius's "Valse Triste," he chuckled, "You don't say! I didn't know he could write a tune as good as that!"

Strauss, in fact, knows very little about his contemporaries and generally avoids listening to their music, being completely preoccupied with his own. Sibelius appears to be much more receptive, for Mr. Ekman quotes him as saying, in 1911: "I listened to as much music as I could, both old and new. I have always been interested in contemporary and younger composers as much as anything, in order to get a clear view about myself." With one or two exceptions Sibelius's quoted utterances in this book are those of a very modest man who, one suspects, would be the last to accept without qualification the extravagant claims frequently made for his art.

This view is confirmed by Bengt de Törne in his "Close-up," a book of much smaller proportions written by a pupil and disciple. Like Ekman, De Törne has no doubt of the overwhelming greatness of Sibelius, whose work he calls the "meridian of contemporary music." But while Ekman is content to be "telling us," De Törne supports his opinion by reason and argument. His conviction that Sibelius is the Beethoven of our time is based on an interesting aesthetic classification of the really great symphonists—those who profess the "epic" attitude—into three categories, culminating in the type which combines the epic element of the classics with the "intensity of temperament and fantasy" of romanticists like Schubert, Berlioz, and Tschaikowsky. This type, he says, is represented by Beethoven and Sibelius. It is an argument which will interest even those who are not Sibelius partisans, and so will Mr. De Törne's perspicacious com-

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parisons of Sibelius with Tschaikowsky and other composers, all based on well-reasoned aesthetic considerations.

The first part of Mr. De Törne's little book is virtually a lesson in orchestration à la Sibelius, illustrated by musical examples which will appeal to the musician as well as the intelligent amateur. Even though neither he nor Mr. Ekman has solved the Sibelius problem for the perplexed listener, they have given the music-lover engaging and interesting portraits of an eminent artist and a noble personality.

CÉSAR SAERCHINGER

The Lively Art

FOOTNOTES TO THE FILM. Edited by Charles Davy. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

CHARLES DAVY, film critic for the London *Mercury,* has brought together in this book a number of lively and pertinent articles on European and American movies, grouped under four heads: (1) Studio Work—How a Film Is Made, (2) Screen Material—Help from Other Arts, (3) Film Industry Problems, and (4) Films and the Public.

The book starts well with Alfred Hitchcock, who explains his methods and some of the climaxes in his films, and analyzes his first talkie, "Blackmail." His resourcefulness, color, directness come through his article. You know he is talking straight when he insists on short scenes that lock into each other, when he shies away from long dramatic periods in which the camera loses grip, when he says, "I want to put my film together on the screen, not simply to photograph something that has been put together already in the form of a long piece of stage acting." This is not fan talk; it has been backed by his work, and answers such movies as "Night Must Fall," lifted whole from the stage. Hitchcock praises overrunning of sound, a device he uses brilliantly (there was the bobby's hand, lifted to knock, in "The Man Who Knew Too Much," which fell with the sound of the shot that killed him). He is reinforced later by Maurice Jaubert's attack on annotation in screen music, now fashionable in Hollywood, which goes so far as to permit a glug to accompany beer-drinking, cutely—"a roguish little arpeggio."

Robert Donat writes brightly about film acting, meeting with anger the usual questions and the tradition of the "face-pulling" school, and sailing into some general notions of audience reaction in the theater. The most technical piece here is one by Basil Wright, who is lucid and enthusiastic about camera possibilities.

Graham Greene opens the second section, saying that no public wants to be soothed by its amusements but excited; arguing, thus, that any subject can be presented, any treatment given, once the audience is aroused. He quotes as applicable to the movies Ford Madox Ford's definition of poetry as "not the power melodiously to arrange words but the power to suggest human values." The articles that follow are on comedy and cartoon, and a geographical piece on settings, etc., by Betjeman, who lists commercial values in the following order: kisses and other displays of concupiscence; stars; story or type of film; speed of action, slow for simple audience, fast and American for sophisticated West End houses; music; dialogue; dresses; scenery.

Paul Nash, writing of color films, does not bother with predictions (unnecessary, with Hollywood preparing for color as in 1929 it prepared for sound), but points out how the audience giggled because the pancakes in "Ramona" were "so natural," and how contradictory the statements of color experts (Mrs. Kalmus, Ralph Brinton, and Ray Rennahan) have been. After exuberant pages on Disney he ends with an explanation of the animated cartoons of Len Lye, whose brilliant palette is composed of the raw actual colors of the celluloid of the three-color process.

The section on the industry is honest about British trade problems. Alexander Korda and Basil Dean write about the future with empire-building inflections, but Maurice Kann faces the question squarely, speaking about the single flurry "Henry VIII" caused. John Grierson talks about documentaries, realism, British retrenchment, the line of Russian movies, and the sidestepping equation, No Controversy=No Reality, in the book's best chapter.

Elizabeth Bowen's "layman" piece on audiences asks for glamor, amusement, fantasy, comedy, "films about foreign countries," and goes on:

> I want no more American tragedies, Russian comedies, or crepitating Teutonic analysis. I should like still more dramatic use of landscape and architecture. I like almost any French film—perhaps I have been lucky. I have rather dreaded beforehand, as one dreads drastic experience, any Russian film I have seen; have later wished, while it lasted, to protract every moment, and finally found it, when it was over, more powerful than a memory—besides everything else, there had been so much more fun than one foresaw.

"Footnotes to the Film," centering on the British field, has enough outside material and provocative discussion to be worth while to any reader who takes time off from going to the movies to read books about them. Some of the bright discussion glosses over large gaps, but most of it is deliberate and suggestive; all of it is good reading, throwing out bits of technical information and solid treatment. The construction of the book makes it fall short of being a thorough covering of any one side. But here is a good anthology, with handsome illustrations, an index, notes, and a conclusion by Mr. Davy, Are Films Worth While?

MURIEL RUKEYSER

Letters of Rousseau

CITIZEN OF GENEVA: SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. By Charles William Hendel. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THREE years ago a monumental edition of Rousseau's letters was completed in France. These twenty volumes are of course indispensable to the student of Rousseau, but it cannot be said that they have materially altered our conception of the man, his art, or his message. They have not established Rousseau as a supreme epistolary writer like Voltaire. His range of interests is far more limited, his mind far more primitive. But he appears in a much more favorable light in his familiar letters than in his stilted formal works; more favorable even than in the "Confessions," in which a disagreeable mania is manifest. We may hate Rousseauism—a dangerous creed of which Rousseau was the victim rather than the originator. We may pity the man Rousseau—a weakling suddenly engaged in a fight *contra mundum,* persecuted for maintaining the criminal paradox that man is good. But his correspondence enables us to understand an element too often neglected—his personal fascination. Rousseau would not have been a prophet if he had not been a charmer.

That is why the most significant letters are probably those he wrote to titled friends, like Marshal de Luxembourg. They are perfect—free from the smirking graces, the insistent

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pervasive flattery, which at times make Voltaire's cleverness almost nauseating. There are set pieces in the collection: a fine series of letters to Dom Deschamps, on Morality vs. Metaphysics, and the letters to Malesherbes in 1762, which are a formal and very competent *apologia*. The average reader, more interested in personal details than in the battle of ideas, will be glad to know that when Rousseau fled Paris and sought refuge at Iverdun, he had to think of "a spinet and some books to be returned, and M. Mathas and the butcher and my barber to be paid."

On the whole, we must take Rousseau at his word: "I have never aspired to become a philosopher; I never pretended to be one; I never was one, nor am I one, nor do I want to be one. . . . I am . . . simply a good man who tries not to do ill to anyone, who is fond of honest folk. . . ." "Good man" here is a mistranslation; it should rather be a simple fellow, a plain man. For Rousseau simplicity and goodness are identical; but simplicity rather than goodness is the key word. Rousseau slashes through the delicate fabric of civilization in his quest for fundamentals. Voltaire never lost sight of fundamentals, even when he amused himself by the way with luxuries, gossip, subtle intrigues, and complicated financial maneuvers. Dictators are all Rousseauists; they hate sophistication and hack their way back to primitive values. I am willing to exclaim, "O sancta simplicitas!" like dying John Huss; but the words express pity and even contempt rather than admiration.

The English reading public needed a selection from the enormous mass of Rousseau's letters. The editor's task has been performed adequately but not supremely well. The long biographical introduction (126 pages) is of no intrinsic value, and is meant merely as a guiding thread to the letters; it would have been more useful if it had been split into periods and distributed throughout the book. Rousseau's style loses all glow, sparkle, and naturalness in Professor Hendel's English. At times the real meaning of the French idiom is lost: the translator uses "actually" when the sense demands "at present," and "a good character" when "good-natured" is obviously meant. Rousseau is an artist, and it would take an artist rather than a "moral philosopher" to do him justice. But in spite of minor blemishes the work is competent and the subject matter fascinating. We should by this time be weary of damning Rousseau after Irving Babbitt; for a change, let us get acquainted with him.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Shorter Notices

THE WOODEN SPOON. By Wyn Griffith. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

The wooden spoon, literally the spoon which the author, in accordance with Welsh custom, carved for the early sweetheart he never married, is the symbol for all those unconscious deep longings which govern our lives. Written in the first person, this book is a sincere and painstaking attempt to bring to light the emotional motifs which we are hardly aware of when we experience them. Obviously autobiographical, it uses the device of speaking through the lips of an old man who has returned to his native Welsh village and his memories, to recreate a few scenes of his youth. He recalls the day when, accompanied by his father, he walked away from the humble three-room cottage of his parents to take his first job as a farm hand on an outlying farm, with the pride of new manhood drowning out the wrench of separation; he recaptures the mood of his first evening of courtship, with its mixture of excitement and dread, and finally the laughter which eases all strain. Occasionally too nostalgic in tone, these memories are saved from sentimentality by the author's approach to his material, which is unusual for its directness and simplicity. And the careful selection of only those experiences which have undergone a long, slow "settling" process in the author's own mind gives his writing the calm assurance and the detached perspective which make these episodes, slight as they are, ring true.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IN VICTORIAN FICTION. By E. M. Delafield. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

"Women," said a character in one of Charlotte Yonge's novels, "purify the atmosphere wherever they go." But, her friend reminded her, they lose this antiseptic power unless they "shield their bloom from the slightest breath of contamination," and carefully avoid the "hardening and roughening process" of contact with life's vulgar realities. Which may explain why the air is so bad today. In any case, E. M. Delafield's anthology presents an amusing picture of the papas, mammas, daughters, and governesses who breathed the purified atmosphere of Victorian fiction—chiefly the fiction of Miss Yonge, Elizabeth Sewell, and Elizabeth Wetherell. Amusing, yes, and to a certain extent illuminating, but unfortunately rather one-sided, because the selections are taken almost entirely from women novelists, and from the second-rate women novelists at that. Why not give us a few glimpses of Victorian ladies and gentlemen as seen by Mrs. Gaskell and the Brontë sisters, to say nothing of Dickens and Thackeray, Trollope and Reade? The answer is plain: Miss Delafield wants to show Victorian smugness at its bizarre extreme, the smugness of those readers who regarded Martin Tupper as a literary and moral prophet. She does a good job of piecing together one aspect of the Victorian scene, and her excerpts from novels are accompanied by a dozen well-chosen contemporary illustrations depicting family groups and coy maidens and bearded lovers with their hands on their hearts. Yet it's well to remember that the same literature which produced the sadistically pious Fairchild family produced Becky Sharp. Do you know Mr. Fairchild? When he found his three little children quarreling he bundled them off to the nearest gibbet, where a criminal's rotting corpse hung in chains, and there he harangued them for five pages. He could have finished, but the children broke down.

COMPLAINT AND REFORM IN ENGLAND. By W. H. Dunham and Stanley Pargellis. Oxford University Press. $4.

This is a new kind of source book for those interested in English history. Here is a delightful harvest of utterances by all sorts and conditions of men, through which the discerning reader will be able to piece together a picture of what men felt and thought from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century in England. The editors, both of whom are in the History Department at Yale, have done an excellent job of arrangement and editing, and have prepared each selection with a compressed, informative, unstilted introductory note. There is little in these writings that is unknown to scholars, from the anonymous "Libel of English Policy" (1436) that opens it to William Cowper's "Impartial History of Parties" (1714) that closes it; but it is extremely useful to have had them brought together. One can quarrel only with the editors' claim that these selections voice the mind of the common man in Renaissance England. That will probably never be known. The quest of the generic and

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the rooted in social life, as distinguished from the official and the esoteric, is a good quest. But one must not think to have found it when one has got at the pamphlet literature of a period such as this, and reprinted what the Hakluyts, Sprats, Aschams, Pagetts, Winstanleys, and Simon Fiskes have to say. It would be better to see in these selections mainly the mind of the middle-class intellectuals, none of them of the first rank like Hobbes or Locke, yet reflecting the first-raters; none of them of the underlying population, yet reflecting, or perhaps refracting, their aspirations as well. The editors have kept their eye on our own age as well as on the English Renaissance, and have shown that first-rate scholarship need not be dry-as-dust erudition.

FIRST PERSON PLURAL. By Angna Enters. Stackpole Sons. $4.

Angna Enters's book is as hard to characterize in a single word as are her stage "compositions," which, as she herself says, are "never just dance, or mime, or just 'psychological' or historical, or just abstractions." The book is not an autobiography, not a diary, not a manifesto, not a treatise on the arts, not a travel account, but something of all of these, and—well, it's just "First Person Plural," the rambling but never dull expression of an artistic personality with as many facets as a housefly's eye. Miss Enters not only dances, paints, draws, composes music, designs costumes, and when necessary serves as her own manager, but if she suddenly feels a yen to learn Spanish, or cloth-dyeing, or fifteenth-century music, why, she just goes right ahead and does it, mentioning it so casually that you almost wonder why you couldn't do it too. That must be the reason why the book holds you, because it is not particularly well written, and the ideas, while they are sensible, are seldom startling; but the author has packed her life so full of experience that she doesn't give you a chance to be bored. Her own enthusiasm, which embraces blues singers and Beethoven with equal fervor provided the art is good in is own kind, carries over to you, and helps to explain how she manages to hold her audiences in the theater with wordless compositions which attempt to "crystallize certain universal impulses in human behavior, . . . to illuminate a point in time"—which sounds much more abstract and much less entertaining than the compositions really are. The illustrations in "First Person Plural" consist, of course, of drawings by the author and photographs of her in her theatrical works.

DRAMA

In the Grand Style

"SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE" (John Golden Theater) is a very serious play by Paul Vincent Carroll. Like most Irish dramatists who have written since the renaissance of their country, the author states his general theme in terms of local problems, and at home the play was doubtless considered primarily a contribution to the endless debate upon the inexhaustible subject, "What is wrong (and right) with Ireland?" I suspect, however, that Mr. Carroll's method of writing owes rather less to the folk dramatists from Lady Gregory to O'Casey than it does to more conventional technicians, and it is certain that in the result "folk quality" is sacrificed to the suavely skilful development of effective theatrical situations. The considerable success in America to which the play seems obviously destined will be attributable chiefly, I think, to three things: a general theme of some genuine interest; a striking virtuoso's performance by Sir Cedric Hardwicke; and, most important of all perhaps, the fact that "Shadow and Substance" is a well-made play—both literally and in the somewhat derogatory sense in which that term came long ago to be used.

The entire action takes place in the study of Canon Skerritt's house in County Louth and is concerned with the various relations of three exalted spirits to the vulgar crowd of ignorant peasants and hardly less primitive priests among whom they live. The rebel schoolmaster and the proud canon are deadly enemies because neither understands that each has been corrupted as the result of a frustrated love for something finer than their companions can feel; that the canon has become a hard-hearted and regal ecclesiastic dreaming of the great days of the renaissance and the schoolmaster the unpopular author of a scandalous anti-clerical novel because both want something better than the football-playing materialism of the parish priest. The two are united in their admiration for the canon's mystical, loving-spirited housemaid, and when the latter is killed in a riot over the schoolmaster's book they are brought to the beginning of some kind of understanding.

Now this summary of the plot can hardly suggest the fact that the play is genuinely absorbing. It probably will, however, suggest one of the reasons why it is, on the other hand, not as profound or as important as some will believe it. The parallelogram of forces is almost too neatly diagrammed, and the almost geometrical demonstration leads to a Q. E. D. almost too triumphantly pat to be very convincing as the solution of a human problem. Because of this, the characters are developed in terms more crisply theatrical than ultimately convincing and leave one with the feeling that the spiritual problems have been alluded to rather than actually presented.

The canon, moreover, runs away with the play. Logically he ought to be no more than one of three, but he very nearly crowds the schoolmaster off the stage and dominates the scene by virtue of his theatrical effectiveness. Sir Cedric plays him to the hilt, and the part is one which any character actor would gladly cross seven seas to get, for the canon is in the grand style of the hero-villain. Regal and self-possessed, he silences opposition with a gesture and disposes of the human race with an epigram. He is in the tradition of Richelieu, even in that of Richard III ("so much for Bolingbroke"), and if we remember at the end that we have no evidence beyond a brief declaration from the maid for the spiritual conflict supposed to rage behind the commanding mask, we have at least been treated to a rousing performance. Sir Cedric knows how to wear his soutane with a difference. To say all this is not, I hope, to depreciate the play any more than I intend. It is skilful and interesting far beyond the ordinary. But it is also far more of the theater and far less of the soul than many will be inclined to think it.

Ever since "Springtime for Henry" I have acknowledged a debt of gratitude to Benn Levy, its author, but Mr. Levy has not added to that debt by collaborating on a farce "suggested by" one of the novels of the late Thorne Smith. For all I know, there may be an outrageously funny play in the story of the solemn biologist and his flighty wife who unwillingly change bodies without changing personalities, but if so, then that play is yet to be composed, for "If I Were You" (Mansfield Theater) is clumsily written and haltingly paced. Con-

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stance Cummings and the rest work hard; they are even funny at moments; but there is no cumulative effect and no success in any effort to make the preposterous premise more credible as one goes along. Incidentally there is no reason why even the author of a pseudo-scientific farce should not have some vague idea of the meaning of the technical terms he uses. Gastroenterostomy is not a disease, and the phrase "alkalize the filtrate" is not so esoteric that it would appropriately call forth from a surgeon the apologetic remark, "I have forgotten my chemistry." JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

THERE is a pianist whom you should hear whenever an opportunity presents itself. His name is Webster Aitken; he is an American in his late twenties; and what is remarkable about him is not so much his rich endowment of technique and musical feeling as his integration of these resources, and behind this the inner integration of experience and emotion. This—astonishing in one so young—manifests itself both in his choice of music to play and in the way he plays it, and lifts him in both respects out of the group of gifted young American pianists to a place among a handful of living artists. His young contemporaries play the usual sequence, with unimportant variations, of Bach-d'Albert, Beethoven's "Appassionata," Schumann's "Carnaval," Chopin, Liszt, Rachmaninov, and Strauss-Schultz-Evler; and they use these things for a dazzling display of their gifts—each for itself and in its own direction. The inner integration and concentration I have referred to causes Aitken's mind to be attracted by such gigantic musical matters as Beethoven's "Diabelli" Variations or the "Goldberg" Variations of Bach; he plays one of these works in public because of what it means to him and out of a desire to communicate this to other people; and the resources he brings to his task are evident only in the coherence and power of the work as he plays it, the unobstrusive adequacy with which its every formidable technical requirement is satisfied.

In short, Aitken's recitals are among the very few public concerts that are what a public concert should be; and it appears that there is no place for them in the musical life of America today. The demand which the commercial managers must satisfy—after first having created it—is for the dazzling display of virtuosity and temperament in Liszt, Rachmaninov, Strauss-Schultz-Evler, and perhaps Beethoven's "Appassionata"; a pianist who concerns himself with things like the "Diabelli" and "Goldberg" Variations is, to use managerial terms, not salable; and so the few crumbs of opportunities left after the Horowitzes and Iturbis have finished go to their young American imitators. It is they, not Aitken, who have played all about, made appearances with important orchestras, and received the attention, such as it is, of the important newspaper critics, such as they are.

At the moment Aitken is playing all the sonatas of Schubert and some of the four-hand works in a series of four recitals at the New School for Social Research (I believe the series is to be repeated at the Arts Club in Chicago). For this music he has a marvelously right feeling; what must be added—for readers who have had as few opportunities to hear the works as I have had—is that they fully repay the beautiful performances he gives them. They are not without

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weaknesses; but Tovey, in his extraordinary essay in "The Heritage of Music," points out that the weaknesses of Schubert's large works "are relaxations of their powers," and goes on to say:

> Neither Shakespeare nor Schubert will ever be understood by any critic or artist who regards their weaknesses and inequalities as proof that they are artists of less than the highest rank. . . . Even if the artist produces no single work without flaws, yet the highest qualities attained in important parts of a great work are as indestructible by weaknesses elsewhere as if the weaknesses were the results of physical ruin.

And in another place he concludes that Schubert must be regarded, "on the strength of his important works, as a definitely *sublime* composer. It does not matter when, where, and how he lapses therefrom: the quality is there, and nothing in its neighborhood can make it ridiculous."

This sublimity is present in the great B flat sonata; and this is only one of several marvelous works that Aitken is to play in the two remaining recitals of his series.

B. H. HAGGIN

DANCE

The Critic's Lexicon

WHEN John Martin addressed the sell-out audience at the Evening of Modern Dance recently given under the auspices of Dance International 1900-1937, he assured us that what we were about to see was not theatrical, its décor was not really décor, its costumes were only clothes for motion, its music was just aural scenery. The modern concert dance was placed on a level superior to that of a mere stage framed by a proscenium, and by his inference became not a diverting spectacle but an autobiographical rite celebrating the individual impulses of the dancers. In a review of the New York première of Hanya Holm's "Trend," Mr. Martin praised Arch Lauterer's massive setting as having "no smack of décor." Last summer Mr. Martin was alarmed by certain "decadent" overtones he felt in Anna Sokolow's anti-fascist dances; last year he suspected Martha Graham of a "neo-classic" tendency, and this year he finds her perilously "surrealist."

The technique of dance criticism lies chiefly in a critic's vocabulary, which often has to be borrowed from other fields. In architecture one can talk in terms of structure, materials, and function, calling Vermont or Indiana limestone, lolly columns, t-beams, or grain elevators by their specific names. Similarly in paint and music. The theater uses architecture, poetry, and music, and for this reason its critical language, while more amplified, is also more vague. The dance critic borrows the idiom of a critic of the fine arts and literature, but even with this combined ammunition he does not find his task easy, primarily because he refers to an event forever past before anyone reads of it, an event largely interesting only to those who saw it. To give an analysis of performance, a factual description of what happened, in a broad enough frame to be more than a news report calls for a very developed technique, a very precise vocabulary.

I wish to consider the vocabulary of John Martin, the well-known critic on the New York *Times*. By his energy and his love for the dance he has almost single-handed created

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a place for the dance critic in New York and hence in America. Hardly any other criticism in the field represents the expression of a conviction based on things seen and personal preference rather than on second-hand reading. I assume Mr. Martin opposes "health" to "degeneracy," "degeneracy" to "decadence," "neo-classicism" to "classicism," "classicism" to "romanticism," "naturalism" to "realism," "realism" to "surrealism," and "aristocracy" to "democracy" in his private system of values, and that he can tell you just what he means as well as the next man. But lurking in his categories there has become more apparent a certain alignment of chapter-heads which takes on a censorious attitude, an arrangement of terms which is less in the critical structure of an Aristotle than in the puritanical strictures of an Augustine. We find on one side "decadent," "neo-classic," "surrealist," "theatrical," "aristocratic." Under the "theatrical" head we find "décor," "ballet," "ballet audience," "ballet impresario." On the other side we find "impulse," "inspiration," the "heroic type," "integration," "inevitable," "logical," "democratic." There is no hard and fast adherence to these balancing lists. For example, Mr. Martin found "Trend" less closely related to "concert" dancing than to "theater" (that is, tragedy). I mean, in short, that this anti-theatrical bias which I have long sorrowfully observed in Mr. Martin has now shifted its attack from the ballet to include even Mr. Martin's protege, the "modern" dance.

As long ago as 1933 Mr. Martin, in his "Modern Dance," complained that the dance had meant in the past the ballet, and the ballet had meant only the *ballet d'action*. Yet Mr. Martin should know the *ballet d'action* was a term in common employ only as long as Noverre's immediate influence was alive, although the *pas d'action* is something else. There is all the difference in the world between Noverre's *ballet d'action,* circa 1780, Vigano's *choreodrame,* circa 1820, Manzotti's *azione coreografica,* circa 1810, and Fokine's *chorégraphie,* circa 1910. He also said (p. 4) there weren't half a dozen artists who could employ the classic dance properly, although he has since mentioned Massine, Danilova, Spessivitza, Markova, Semenova, and Haakon, who were all dancing at the time. He stated (p. 38) that in the old ballets the floor plan was the only consideration, when he probably meant that most of our exact information about steps danced are in engravings of floor patterns. He forgets that ballets were clothed by such artists as Berain and Bouquet, composed by Lully and Rameau, but it is true that the combination of the dance and décor does "smack of" the theater. He says (p. 107) that music developed and dancing stood still for "hundreds of years," although he grudgingly admitted earlier that great dancers enlarged their idiom. No use to mention Blasis, Perrot, St. Leon, Stepanov, Ivanov, Petipa, Taglioni, Elssler, or the recent Russians—names of first historical importance to a decade if one had the energy to cite them. In Mr. Martin's two books historical facts intended for a condemnatory résumé were selected and arranged to present a case which rivals the style of the Reich's *Kulturkammer.*

In 1936 his anti-theatrical bias has firmly developed. On page 56 of "America Dancing" we find the poisonous infiltration of alien theatrical dancers managing "pretty thoroughly to supplant the simpler English style of theater dancing." The French, Italian, and Russian dancing masters effected their invasion. He continues, "It is interesting to note each of these influences was occasioned not by any demand from the American field but by political conditions in the homeland." Which is the same as to suggest that the pure Indians felt a deep logical impulse to invite the Puritans over to give ex-

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hibitions of Playford's country dances. There were theatrical dancers in Williamsburg as early as there were plays, and nearly every well-known international dancer since the Revolution has appeared in America, playing to the same kind of audiences which made theatrical dancing in Europe a continuous popular form. In an article in the 1937-38 winter number of the *North American Review*, Mr. Martin allows the fact that the Basil ballet grossed a million dollars on its transcontinental tour, which in his context is to say that this enterprise has (strictly) commercial implications. Yet in another paragraph we come up against a perfect example of the critic's lexicon in question (p. 239):

> This is what is sometimes called the classic view as opposed to the romantic, the aristocratic as opposed to the democratic. On its basis kings and courtiers have maintained ballets for their diversion, and today wealthy men of this opinion, whose tastes do not run to the outdoor life, keep companies of dancers instead of polo ponies.

Here we have in full flower a categorical jeremiad based on the writer's *parti pris* and the coloring of a qualitative distinction by personal ethic. There are few ballet companies "kept" today, unless government subsidies for the Vic-Wells, the Paris and Bordeaux Operas, the Scala, the Vienna Staats-Oper, the Bolshoi and Marinsky Theaters can be considered bureaucratic whims. Ballet companies in this country to a surprising degree pay their way, keeping many dancers under long-term contract, and traveling more, for example, than modern concert-dance groups. That crack about dancers as an alternative to polo ponies is of the same order of pettishness that makes Mr. Martin fill ballet audiences with the "usual silver-haired dowagers with their bald-pated escorts" (p. 249). There aren't enough of these to give a big company forty weeks of work, worse luck. People who like ballet today are in cross-section people who like theater. This, Mr. Martin, even after the recent Center Theater performance, the Basil tours, and the present high commercial value of dance attractions, will not see.

I submit that Mr. Martin is and has been consciously naive and temperamentally prejudiced about theatrical dancing. To hate the ballet is his privilege, but since dancing is done, even today, in theaters and is in the minds of audiences a theatrical form, I feel that he must find some new terms to cover it. He is the chief critical name in this country, the most-respected by provincial managers, and his word has gone far in influencing students of the dance. At the present time, theatrical values in the dance, whether in classic or developed ballet or in the modern dance, are the dominant values, and increasingly so by every indication. Mr. Martin is upholding the banner of an imaginary anti-theatrical purity, which, if it were analyzed, could be broken down into a dance form that has already outworn its sojourn in the categories of the "interpretative," the "expressionist," and the "absolute."

Many critics at a certain age in their imaginative careers start to defend their initial and past enthusiasms with a conservative barrage which employs an *avant-garde* idiom to blackjack the future. This is the technique of "Redder Than the Rose," and it causes Mr. Martin to boost the retardative production of the "Coq d'Or" as the best of contemporary ballet dancing. One is reminded again and again of the Republican Party, with all its unadulterated, ideal, monolithic politics, when one hears the word "purity" bandied about. There is no more pure dance than there is pure Americanism. Even I would not want to see Mr. Martin as the Dorothy Thompson of the dance.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

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Letters to the Editors

Wishful Thinking in 1840

Dear Sirs: In searching through the files of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* the other day I came across this editorial daydream, which I pass on to you, somewhat ruefully, with a speculation on how many more generations will be reading the same sort of thing. It is dated November, 1840.

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance," will soon cease to be elements of glorious war. Perkins's steam-gun, which is capable of throwing 158 balls in a minute with unexampled force, which may be made of every size and used with equal facility on land and water, is an invention which will soon divest battle of its poetry. Hence we hold . . . that war will soon cease to be attractive, and its "day" go by. . . . The joy of battle will be gone. There will be little of the romance with which the trade of human butchery is strangely invested if battalions are to be blown to fragments by the opening of a steam-valve; and if in place of glittering warriors and plumed troops and music, feathers, and gold lace, the fate of nations is to be decided by a few swarthy firemen in red flannel shirts, sweating with blackened brows over the hot and greasy engine, shooting cannon balls by the cartload from hissing pipes, and poking the fire to keep up the necessary heat, instead of having recourse to pealing trumpets and rattling drums to blow the sparks of military ardor into a flame. This will be reducing war to its essentials; it will be getting rid of all its fascinating deceptions at once; it will be such an application of the labor-saving principle to the business of thinning population and of making widows and orphans that neither nations nor individuals will lightly go in search of such a ghastly honor.

One thing is certain—"Perkins's steam-gun" was a game of mah-jong compared to dichloro-ethyl sulphide. But the game still seems to be played.

PARKER LESLEY

Princeton, N. J., January 27

The Press and the Boycott

Dear Sirs: An interesting commentary on the "freedom of the press" we have been hearing so much about lately is furnished by the newspaper silence on the Japanese-boycott mass-meeting held recently in the Pittsburgh Carnegie Hall.

Though they were furnished with reams of copy and with photographs of the principal speaker, Representative John M. Coffee, the papers completely suppressed all news of the meeting. The mystery was cleared up when investigation disclosed that Gimbels, McCreery's, Kaufmann's, and the Rosenbaum department stores—which provide the bulk of the newspapers' advertising — are loaded with Japanese goods. The "sentinels of American liberties" here naturally shrank from offending such profitable clients.

GEO. A. COLEMAN

Pittsburgh, Pa., January 26

A Question of Terminology

Dear Sirs: I have been very much interested in the articles and letters of Norman Thomas, Raymond Leslie Buell, Reinhold Niebuhr, and others who have written on the thorny problem of collective action as against "isolationism." I have been sympathetic with your editorial policy of trying to develop the weapon of economic collective action and to keep such action distinct from military collective action. And I sympathize with Mr. Villard's nausea over the naval race. But I should like to raise several questions.

With regard to an international embargo on raw materials, the moment seems to be passed when such action could be effective. To avoid political consequences like the resentment which unified Italy, sanctions must have been previously agreed to by all the nations and must be immediately and impersonally applied. Unfortunate precedents of non-application have removed that possibility. Furthermore, the fate of the Brussels conference and of the President's "quarantine" feeler shows how slight are the chances of collective action today in the face of the realities of American public opinion and of British and French preoccupation with immediate interests.

With the exception of backing the Hull foreign-trade program, what is left to us to do in the field of practical politics? Are those of us who have long wanted international cooperation now obliged either to advocate a big-navy policy to enable this country to play its part in the game of power politics or to tack with the prevailing wind of American opinion and support an active neutrality? Considering the difficulties of developing national economic self-containment, and of maintaining neutral sentiment, is there any chance of our keeping out of the balance-of-power scrap? Would it not be wiser, then, to play the game openly from the outset, when we could set our own terms with Great Britain, *et al.*, rather than wait to be dragged into a situation in the making of which we have had no voice?

And if we should cooperate with Great Britain, France, and Soviet Russia to face immediate issues in concert, would it not be more honest to stop calling it "collective action" and admit it as a power bloc? Thus we save our terminology for an honest use later when there may be another chance to build again on that foundation.

MILDRED E. LESTER

Barrington, R. I., January 25

Profits Must Be Restricted

Dear Sirs: In his article No Time for Economy in *The Nation* of December 11 Keith Hutchison shows evident familiarity with John Maynard Keynes's recent book, "The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money." Why did he not go a step farther and give Mr. Keynes's full teaching? Establishment and maintenance of a constant level of full employment is the sole means by which we can escape economic disintegration. And full employment can be attained only if the government will create new enterprises and put the unemployed to work at productive work. The alternative is war, dictatorship, and eventually slave conditions for the workers. Since it is actually impossible under a system of laissez faire to create and use new factories and machinery at a rate equal to that at which savings would accumulate in a condition of full employment, we have to choose between keeping down employment and restricting profits. There is where the rub comes: when full employment has been attained, profits will have to be drastically reduced until they are proportionate with growth of population, so that surplus capital will not be greater than the need for new capital equipment. Does the Roosevelt Administration have the courage to face the facts?

The writer of the editorial, Bounty for Aggressors, in the same issue likewise falls short of a realistic definition of the will to peace. So long as we tol-

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erate chronic unemployment of from one-tenth to one-fifth of our employable population, we are impotent in dealing with fascist nations. The divisions on policy in the democratic countries are fundamental because a powerful part of the population in each nation is unwilling that the returns to absentee owners should be diminished. Many members of peace organizations, and even the editorial writers who attempt to guide them, seem to prefer a totalitarian ideology to the personal adjustment necessary for the achievement of democratic unity.

BARCLAY W. BRADLEY

Pasadena, Cal., January 15

Is This Neutrality?

Dear Sirs: While you are being brought to book by forty-five liberals for your attitude toward war, permit me to register one vote for the proposition that you are showing plain horse sense on the Neutrality Act. If ever a law started to do one thing and did the opposite, that is what the Neutrality Act does. The prohibition of export of "arms, ammunition, and implements of war," ready to use, is absolute. The ban on exports of things which can be turned into implements of war affects only American vessels and requires all American title to be relinquished before shipment is made. In simple words, it is the cash and carry plan. Germany, Italy, and Japan have the carrying capacity and can—for some time—get the cash. China hasn't and can't. Write your own Q. E. D.

In the first ten months of 1937 exports to Japan of iron and steel scrap increased 87 per cent, of wire rods 119 per cent, of tin and terne plate 134 per cent, of steel sheets 1,672 per cent, over the same period of 1936. And the Neutrality Act wouldn't put a straw in the way of keeping up that trade.

Peace is like liberty; there are times when we have to fight for it.

GEORGE L. KNAPP

Washington, January 24

Terror in Haiti

Dear Sirs: Sténio Vincent, the President of Haiti, instead of trying to foster unity among his people, who are still angry because of the murder of their 10,000 brothers in the Dominican Republic, is creating even more confusion and dissension.

News has reached us that the Haitian government has taken advantage of the present situation on the island and ordered the wholesale arrest of prominent Haitians suspected of being in opposition to the regime. Thirty-seven have been arrested already, including such men as Seymour Pradel, a former candidate for the presidency of Haiti; P. Thoby, a prominent attorney; Dr. Ricot; Paulius Sanon, former minister at Washington; Dr. J. Adam; Alphonse Henriquez, the nationalist leader active in opposing American occupation; Max Hudicour, journalist; Constant Vieux, the writer; Salabat; ex-Senator Placid David; Justin Sam, the young Haitian author; the attorney Marc Bauduy; Victor Cauvin, president of the Law School; and Louis Mevs, president of the Taxi Workers' Union. Pierre Paul, representative of Haiti at the Montevideo conference in 1933, ex-General E. Thezan, and others had been arrested previously. The lives of all these men are in the greatest danger.

Americans who love freedom and justice should send protests to Elie Lescot, now minister of Haiti at Washington, to Charles Vincent, Haitian consul in New York City, and directly to President Sténio Vincent.

S. JUSTE ZAMOR

New York, January 27

Make the CCC Civilian

Dear Sirs: The creation of the Civilian Conservation Corps was a splendid achievement of President Roosevelt's, but his recent actions have shattered the morale of the workers in the organization. During the past year the CCC has been dealt one blow after another. First Congress in June guaranteed its existence for only three years and refused to put its civilian supervisors under the civil service. Then came the President's economy program, which involved scrapping educational programs and reducing camps. Lastly have come the unsavory disclosures of misappropriation of funds by an employee of the Department of the Interior.

Reorganization rumors are rife within the camps. From one plan being discussed it is evident that wistful army men have not given up their hopes of gaining full control of the CCC. Reduction of the number of camps and increase of their size—500 boys or more to a camp—has been proposed. Work projects, apparently, are to be found to fit the camps rather than camps modeled to fit the work program. The only way to make valid the name, Civilian Conservation Corps, is to place the organization under the complete control of those departments which now control its work activities. To do so at the present time would prove to the military clique that the American people recognize and do not want the evils of regimentation.

BERNARD HARKNESS

Baraboo, Wis., January 26

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